HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU

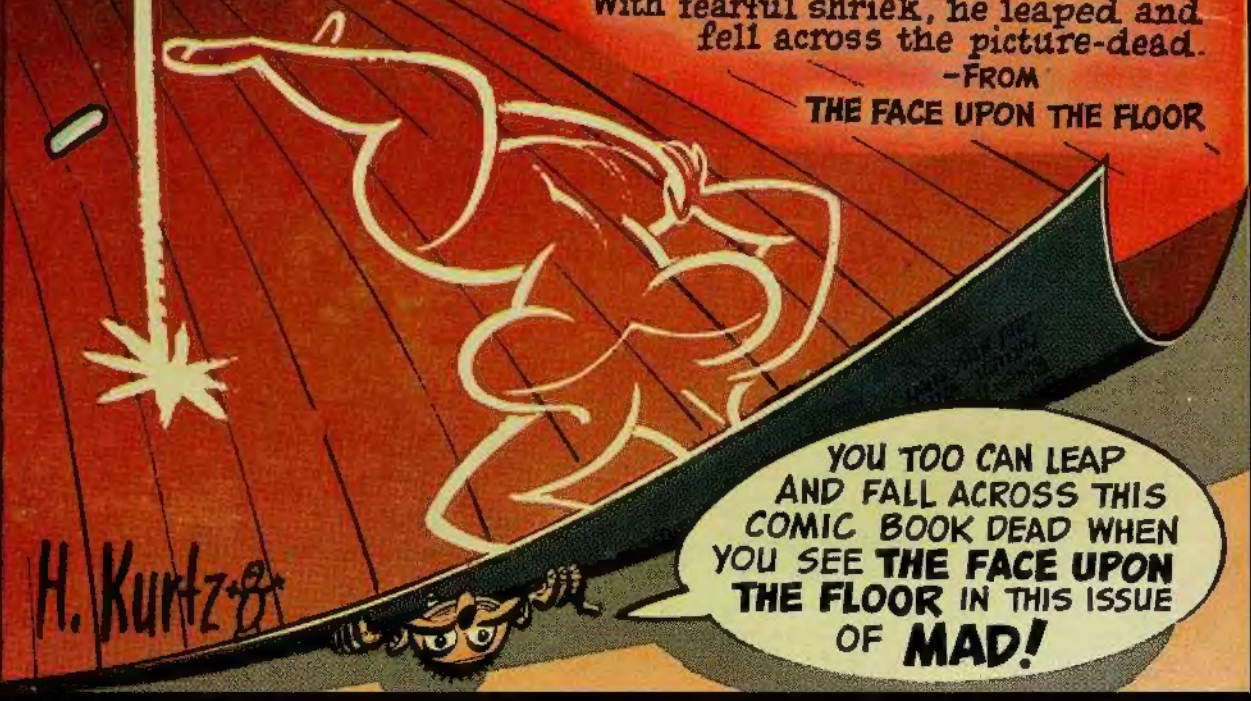
AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

No. 10
APRIL

MAD

10¢

...Another drink and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man.
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,
With fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture-dead.
—FROM
THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR



YOU TOO CAN LEAP AND FALL ACROSS THIS COMIC BOOK DEAD WHEN YOU SEE **THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR** IN THIS ISSUE OF **MAD!**

I Dreamed I Went to a Fraternity Smoker in my PANIC MAGAZINE!

I WAS *UPLIFTED* FROM THE *DEPTHS OF DESPAIR* BY THIS *REVEALING EXPERIENCE!* I *LAUGHED SO HARD* I ALMOST *BUST* THE *BINDING!* I WAS THE *CENTER* OF *ATTRACTION*... THE *STAR*. EVERYBODY WANTED TO *DANCE* WITH ME! I WAS *RUSHED!* SO *BE POPULAR* LIKE *ME!* WEAR *PANIC!* RUN DOWN AND GET *INTO* YOUR COPY AT YOUR *LOCAL NEWSSTAND*. IF YOU'RE THE *SHY TYPE* AND WOULD RATHER *DRESS AT HOME*, THEN YOU CAN *SUBSCRIBE* BY FILLING OUT THIS COUPON AND MAILING TO:

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF:
PANIC
ROOM 106
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
N.Y.C., 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF **PANIC** FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR ($1.00)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

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WAR COMICS DEPT.: THE TRUCE HAS BEEN SIGNED IN KOREA! FOR SOME TIME, WE HAVE BEEN ITCHING TO SINK OUR TEETH INTO ONE TYPE OF LITERATURE BORN OF THE WAR!...WE THINK THE TIME HAS COME! ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THIS STORY AND REAL WAR IS TOTALLY ACCIDENTAL!... IT IS WITH THE SINCEREST RESPECT THAT WE DEDICATE THIS LAMPOON TO YOU *REAL* SOLDIERS WHO HAVE HAD TO PUT UP WITH THE *GLAMORIZED* WAR COMICS LIKE...

G.I. SHMOE!

OH HO HA! IT'S THAT G.I. SHMOE AND SGT. SQUIRT HAVING ONE OF THEIR FRIENDLY FIGHTS OVER A WOMAN AGAIN!

OW

SNARL

GRR

GRRR

ROWF

SNAP!

OW

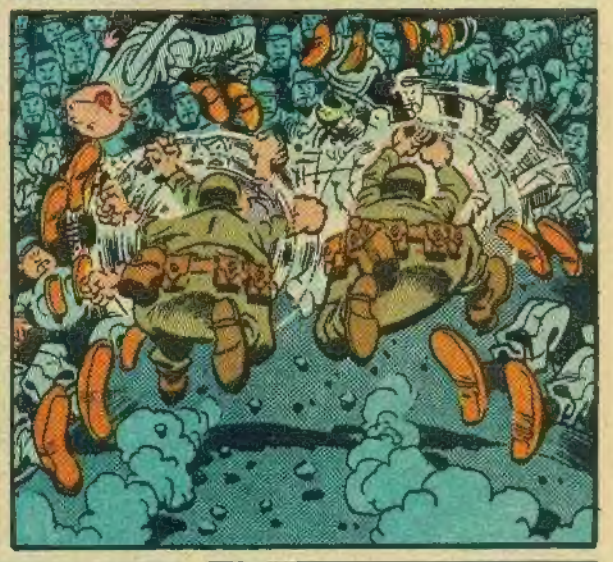
AMMO DAISY M-1 BB GUN

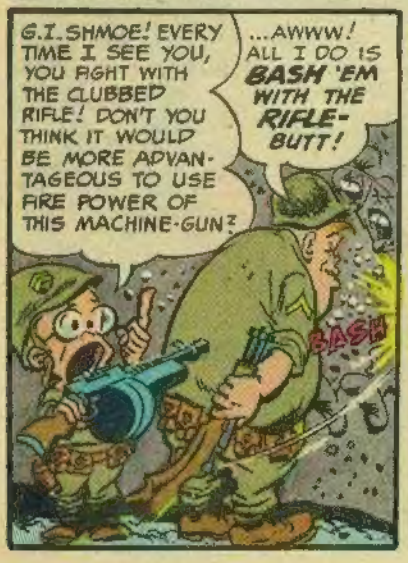
wood.

G.I. SHMOE! G.I. SHMOE! LISTEN! CANNON-FIRE UP FRONT!... SOUNDS OF BATTLE!... AND YOU KNOW THAT WHENEVER WE HEAR SOUNDS OF BATTLE, WE DROP EVERYTHING AND RUN TO THE SOUNDS OF THE BATTLE!
GIMME!
CAN'T HAVE IT!
BLAM
BOOM
PAF
POP!
KR-RUMF
FRRZT

SOUNDS OF BATTLE! OH JOY! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD BATTLE (SNIF)...TO DIE AND LEAVE EVERYTHING (SNIF) FOR A GOOD OL' BATTLE!
YEAH! WE DROP EVERYTHING FOR A GREAT OL' BLOODY BATTLE!
OH DRAT THE DAY I STARTED WORKING FOR COMIC BOOKS!
BALOWM
TAC
TAC
KA-PWEENG

LOOK! IT'S AN ENEMY DIVISION ALL ARMED WITH MACHINE GUNS ATTACKING IN A BANZAI CHARGE!...I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS WAS A SERIOUS ATTACK!
...IT'S NOT AS BAD AS I GUESSED!... TELL YOU WHAT!... YOU TAKE 'EM ON ALONE!...I'LL COME ALONG TO HOLD YOUR COAT!




G.I. SHMOE! EVERY TIME I SEE YOU, YOU FIGHT WITH THE CLUBBED RIFLE! DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE MORE ADVANTAGEOUS TO USE FIRE POWER OF THIS MACHINE-GUN?
...AWWW! ALL I DO IS BASH 'EM WITH THE RIFLE-BUTT!
BASH

...YOU SEE, THIS MACHINE GUN HAS THE QUICK-LOADING FEATURE OF THIS AUTOMATIC BLOWBACK FEED ACTION CLIP...
YOU'RE RIGHT!... I CAN READILY SEE HOW THAT AUTOMATIC BLOWBACK FEED-ACTION CLIP WOULD DEFINITELY HELP...

...WHEN I BASH 'EM WITH THE TOMMY-GUN BUTT!
BASH
2

WE'VE DESTROYED THE ENEMY DOWN TO THE LAST MAN... AND NOW WE DESTROY THE LAST MAN!
...GAW-HEAD! HITTIM WITTA GUN-BUTT!
WAIT A MINUTE, SQUIRT! ...LOOK!

...NO YOU DON'T! ...EAT HOT LEAD!
BRADADAT
TOW
BRA DAP

...SNEAK ATTACK! ...DRINK LEADEN DEATH!
UGH! ...I'M HIT!
POW
BRAP BA DAP

WE CANNOT DESTROY THE ENEMY DOWN TO THE LAST MAN MAINLY BECAUSE THE LAST MAN IS THE LAST WOMAN!
...GAW-HEAD! HITME WITTA GUN-BUTT!

O.K., BABY! YOU'RE ALL MINE! I GAVE YOU A CHANCE TO HITME WITTA GUN-BUTT... BUT NATURALLY, YOU HAVE IMMEDIATELY FALLEN IN LOVE WITH ME SINCE I AM BIG HERO OF THIS STORY!

YOU WANT TO SPEAK!...NO DOUBT YOU WANT TO SAY YOU ARE TIRED OF ENEMY WAY OF LIFE... YOU WANT TO WEAR LIP-STICK... YOU WANT TO SHOP IN THE A+P!... YOU WANT TO THROW POP-BOTTLES AT THE UMPIRES!... GO AHEAD, BABY!... WHAT IS IT YOU WISH TO TELL ME?

... HEY, JOE! ... YOU GOT CHEWING GUM?

OH BABY... THE WAY YOU ASK FOR CHEWING GUM... I GET A PRICKLING SENSATION UP AND DOWN MY SPINE!
DON'T TAKE HIS GUM, BABY! I'VE GOT INDIAN GUM WITH FREE PICTURE TICKETS IN EACH PACKAGE!
BR-RUP!

GOOD WORK, COMRADE! BY CAUSING THEM TO FIGHT EACH OTHER, G.I. SHMOE HAS FIVE BULLETS IN HIS SPINE AND FOUR BULLETS THROUGH HIS HEART! SGT. SQUIRT HAS SEVEN BULLETS IN HIS HEAD AND A BAYONET THROUGH THE GUT! I THINK THEY ARE SUFFICIENTLY WEAKENED FOR CAPTURE!

HERE, O' COMRADE COMMANDER, ARE THE AMERIKANNER SHVEINHUNT WHO HAVE BEEN CAUSING SO MUCH TROUBLE!... WE FINALLY CAPTURED THEM BY PROVOKING THEM TO FIGHT OVER A WOMAN!
THAT'S A FILTHY LIE! WE NEVER FIGHT OVER WOMEN!
G.I. SHMOE! G.I. SHMOE! LOOK AT O' COMRADE COMMANDER!

VERY GOOD, COMRADE LIEUTENANT! WITH G.I. SHMOE AND SGT. SQUIRT CAPTURED, NOTHING STANDS BETWEEN US AND WORLD CONQUEST!

AND NOW WE TORTURE YOU FOR INFORMATION! WE SHALL THRUST SHARP BURNING BAMBOO SLIVERS UNDER YOUR FINGER NAILS! WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW?
NO! NO!

AH! BUT WE HAVE MORE EXQUISITE TORTURES THAN THIS!... WE WILL PUT YOU ON PERMANENT K.P.! NOW WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW?
YES! YES!
WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS...

... HEY, JOE! ... YOU GOT CHEWING GUM?
HUH?
HAVE YA?

VERY WELL, AMERICANS! IF YOU WILL NOT TELL US SECRETS, THEN ROT IN A CELL WITH THIS OTHER AGENT OF THE UNITED NATIONS!
LOOK, G.I. SHMOE! A NICE QUIET CELL! WELL... AT LEAST WE'LL HAVE PEACE AND QUIET WITHOUT ANY WOMEN AROUND TO FIGHT OVER!

...BUT I... THE OTHER AGENT OF THE UNITED NATIONS... AM A WOMAN!
WOOF
VOOM
GRRR
BASH
OW!

O.K., BABY! YOU'RE ALL MINE...
SH!...QUIET!... LISTEN TO ME! THERE IS NOT MUCH TIME! I HAVE INFORMATION THAT I MUST GET OUT OF HERE! ONE OF US MAY STILL ESCAPE AND SO YOU MUST LISTEN CAREFULLY TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU!

BUT FIRST... IF WE ARE OVERHEARD... WE ARE LOST!... NOTHING...NOBODY MUST HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU! IF NECESSARY... WE MUST TAKE DRASTIC STEPS TO DESTROY ANYBODY WHO MIGHT OVERHEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU!
RAT
TAT
TAT

... WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU IS SO IMPORTANT... WE MUST DESTROY ANY LIVING THING THAT MIGHT OVERHEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU!
SWAT
SWAT
SWAT
SWAT

EVERY LIVING ANIMAL THING WE MUST DESTROY THAT MIGHT WITNESS WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU!
...AND WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU IS...
AY!

...HEY, JOE! ... YOU GOT CHEWING GUM?

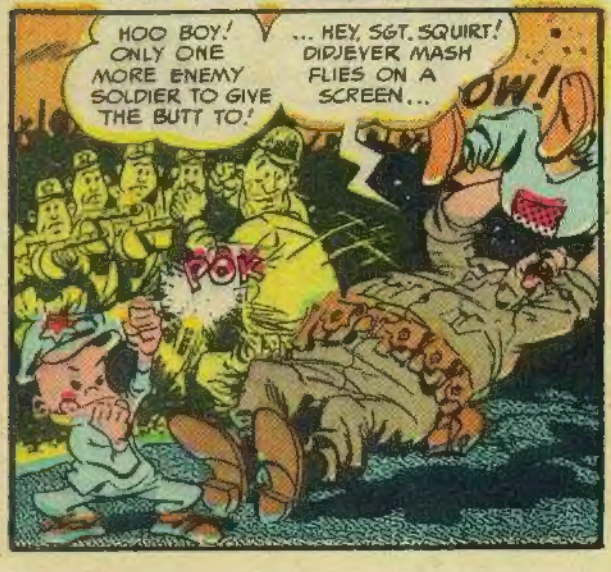
O.K., SGT. SQUIRT! I'VE GOT INFORMATION THAT'LL CHANGE THE WHOLE COURSE OF THIS WAR! WE'VE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE! FORTUNATELY, THEY HAVE MERELY HALF A DIVISION ARMED ONLY WITH LIGHT WEAPONS TO GUARD US!
HEY WAIT A MINUTE, AMERICANS...

HOW COME WE KEEP FIRING AT YOU AMERICANS AND WE NEVER HIT!
...SURELY A STRAY CHANCE, LUCKY SHOT IS BOUND TO GET YOU!
AWWW... WE'RE JUST LUCKY, I GUESS!

YAAAHOO! WATCH ME GO TO TOWN NOW THAT I'VE GOT MY FAVORITE WEAPON... A RIFLE-BUTT!
FLIP
FLOP

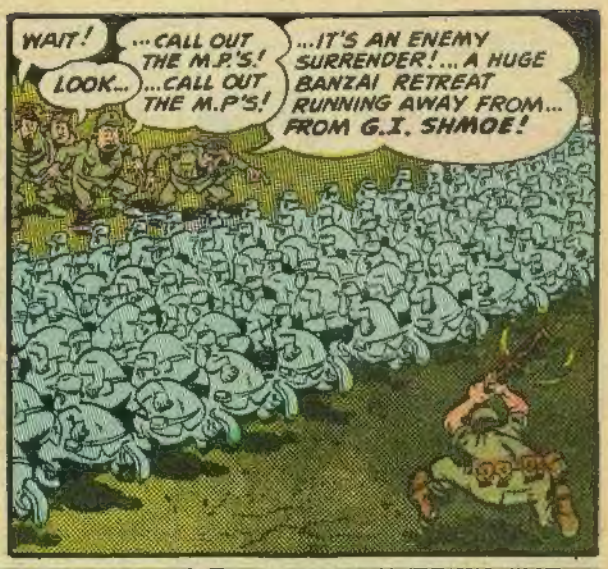
YAHOO! I BROKE RIFLE-BUTT TO SPLINTERS SO NOW I'LL HAVE TO USE THE NEXT BEST THING... A CIGAR-BUTT!
DWEENG
POW

YAHOO!...WORE OUT THE CIGAR BUTT... BUT THERE'S PLENTY OTHER TYPE BUTTS I CAN STILL USE!


HOO BOY! ONLY ONE MORE ENEMY SOLDIER TO GIVE THE BUTT TO!
... HEY, SGT. SQUIRT! DIDJEVER MASH FLIES ON A SCREEN...
OW!
POK

G.I. SHMOE! G.I. SHMOE! YOU ARE KILLING AN ENEMY WITH A CANNON! I THOUGHT YOU ONLY USED YOUR FISTS! I THOUGHT YOU ONLY USED YOUR GUN-BUTT!
WELL... UNDER EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTACES... I'M NOT PROUD!
BOOM!

...CALL OUT THE RESERVES!
...CALL OUT THE RESERVES!
...IT'S AN ENEMY ADVANCE... A HUGE BANZAI CHARGE RUNNING TOWARDS US AND THE WHOLE UNITED NATIONS ARMY!
MAIN HEADQUARTERS U.N. TROOPS


WAIT!
LOOK...
...CALL OUT THE M.P.'S!
...CALL OUT THE M.P'S!
...IT'S AN ENEMY SURRENDER!... A HUGE BANZAI RETREAT RUNNING AWAY FROM... FROM G.I. SHMOE!

G.I. SHMOE! YOU AND SGT. SQUIRT HAVE SINGLE HANDEDLY TAKEN OVER THE ENEMY ARMY! I'LL SEE YOU BOTH GET A WEEK-END PASS FOR THIS!... AND NOW IF YOU WILL LEAVE THE ROOM AND ALLOW ME TO QUESTION THE ENEMY COMMANDER...
MP

NO! I QUESTION THE COMMANDER!
ONE MOMENT PLEASE! IT IS NOT FOR YOUSE TO QUESTION ME! YOU ARE ALL MY PRISONERS...
NO! ME!
ME! ME!
OW! ME!

...FOR IF YOU LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, YOU WILL SEE THAT MY ARMY HAS TAKEN OVER YOUR ARMY, BY SUBVERSION... YOU SEE... MY WHOLE ARMY OF MEN IS ACTUALLY AN ARMY OF...

...WOMEN!
HEY JOE! YOU GOT GUM?
HEY JOE, YOU GOT GUM?

HA HA G.I. SHMOE... SGT. SQUIRT! YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD ME AND MY ARMY PRISONER... AND NOW YOU BOTH FIND YOU ARE MY PRISONER!... TELL ME... AS YOU STAND GAPING FOOLISHLY AT ONE ANOTHER, HERE ALONE WITH ME... WHAT IS YOUR REACTION?
...OUR REACTION IS...
WEE
WOOPS
HEY! WE GOT GUM!
FOOM

... SHE'S ALL MINE!
NO! SHE'S ALL MINE!
OW!
... LISTEN O' COMRADE COMMANDER ... WE FIGURED YOU'D TRY A TRICK LIKE THIS KNOWING FULL WELL OUR CLEAN LIVING WOULD NOT ALLOW US TO FIGHT WOMEN...
... SO WE PREPARED IN ADVANCE! WE SENT A MESSAGE TO CENTRAL HEADQUARTERS TO CALL SOLDIERS TO FIGHT YOUR WOMEN!... WE SENT A MESSAGE TO CALL OUT THE...
...WACS!
EEK! YOU RUINED MY HAIR DO!
EEK
SQUEAL
EEEE
I'LL MAKE YOUR SEAMS CROOKED!
OOH! I BROKE A FINGER-NAIL!
G.I. SHMOE AND SGT. SQUIRT... YOU HAVE SAVED THE U.N. ARMY FROM TOTAL DESTRUCTION AND SAVED THE WHOLE WORLD! I, AS GENERAL OF THE WACS FEEL IT IS IMPORTANT TO MAKE A STATEMENT IN REGARDS TO YOUR QUICK THINKING IN CALLING THE WACS, YOUR BRAVERY AND YOUR UNSWERVING LOYALTY TO WHAT YOU THOUGHT WOULD MAKE YOU THE MOST MONEY... AND THAT STATEMENT IS...
... HEY JOE! ...YOU GOT CHEWING GUM?

WESTERN DEPT.: WESTERN HOLLYWOOD, THAT IS!... TENSION WAS RISING ON THE PLAINS! SQUATTERS.. FARMERS WERE MOVING ONTO THE UNFENCED CATTLE RANGES . PUTTING UP FENCES. . PUTTING UP BARNS .. PUTTING UP HOWARD JOHNSON RESTAURANTS! INTO THIS FURSHLUGGINER MESS RODE A STRANGER WITH THE CRAZY NAME OF

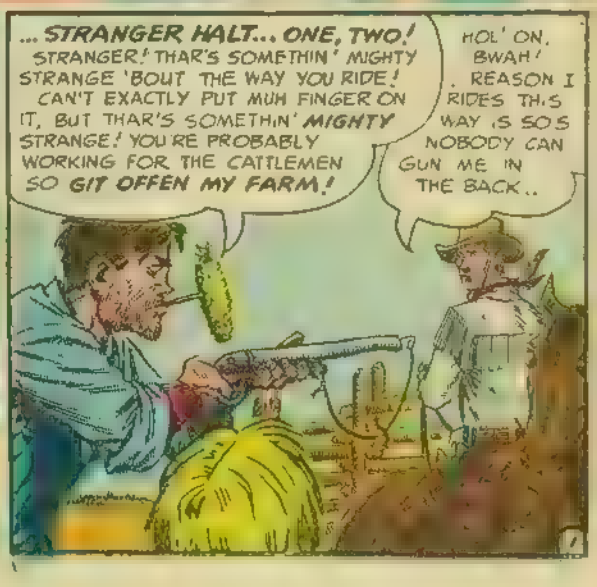
SANE!

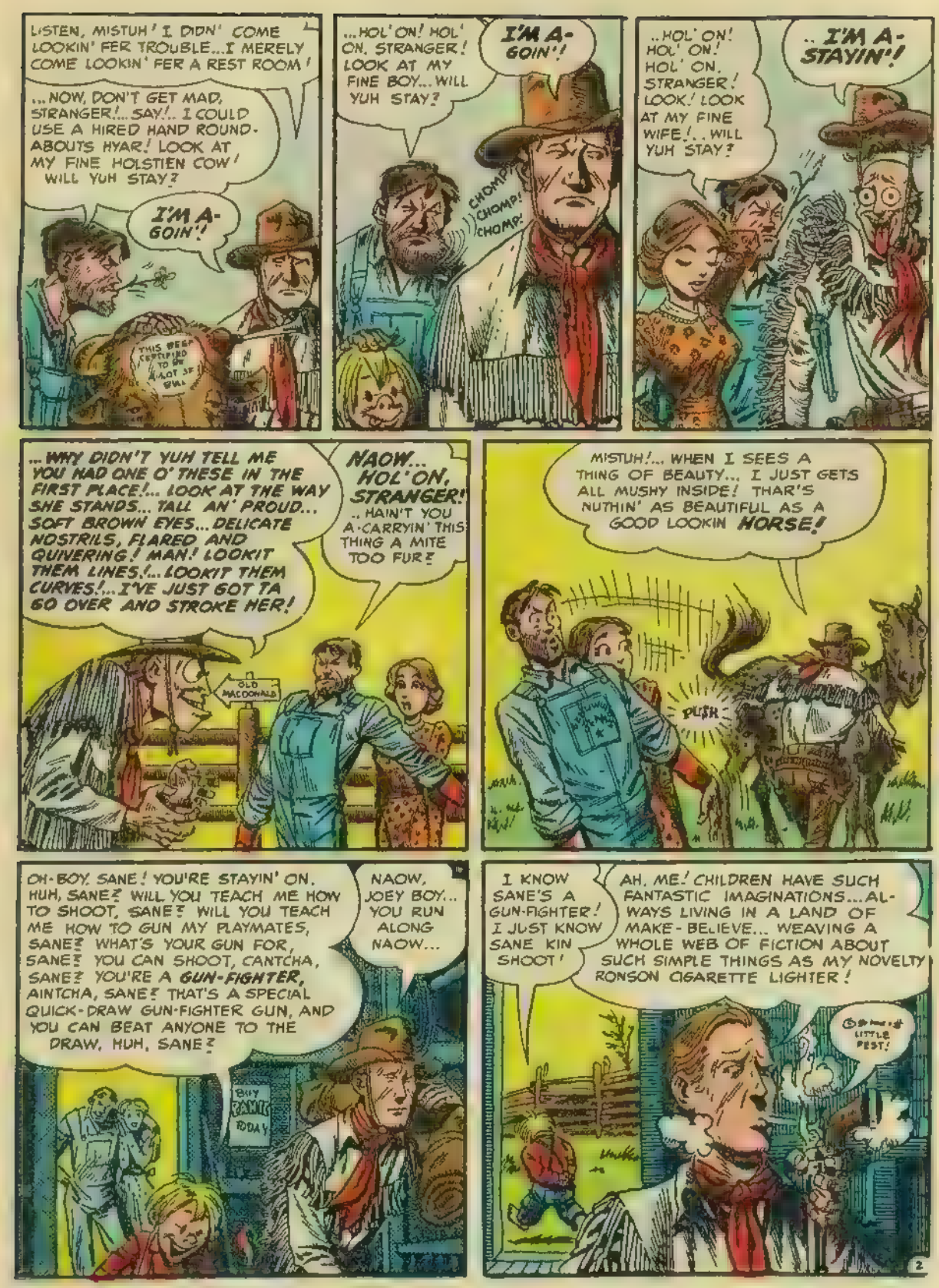
HSST! LOOKIE! A STRANGER RIDIN' INTO THIS FURSHLUGGINER MESS!

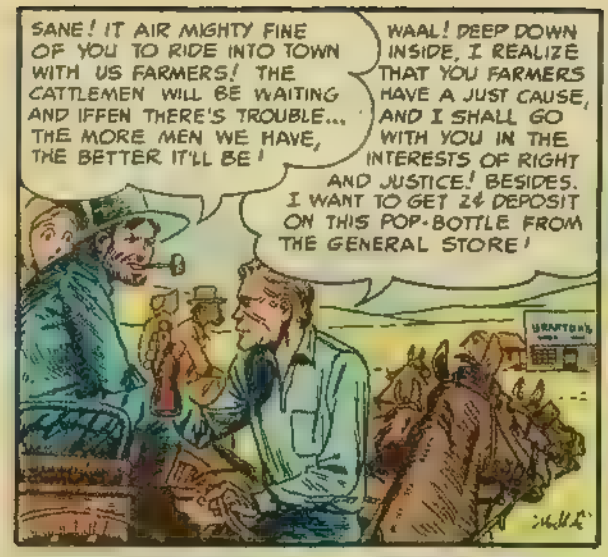
HE AIN'T ONE OF US CATTLEMEN! HE MUST BE A FARMER! LEMME GUN HIM!

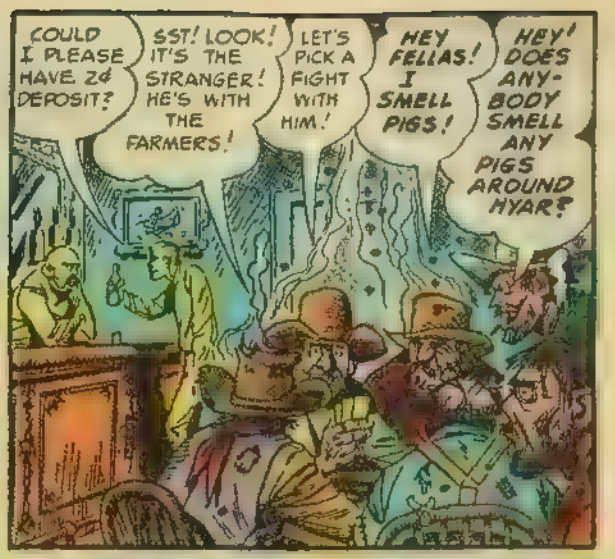
. WAIT! THAR'S SOMETHING MIGHTY STRANGE 'BOUT THE WAY HE RIDES! ...CAN'T EXACTLY PUT MUH FINGER ON IT, BUT THAR'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY STRANGE! LET'S TELL THE BOSS!

SEYMKIN




LISTEN, MISTUH! I DIDN' COME LOOKIN' FER TROUBLE...I MERELY COME LOOKIN' FER A REST ROOM!
...NOW, DON'T GET MAD, STRANGER!...SAY!.. I COULD USE A HIRED HAND ROUND-ABOUTS HYAR! LOOK AT MY FINE HOLSTIEN COW! WILL YUH STAY?
I'M A-GOIN'!
THIS BEEF CERTIFIED TO BE A LOT OF BULL
...HOL' ON! HOL' ON, STRANGER! LOOK AT MY FINE BOY...WILL YUH STAY?
I'M A-GOIN'!
CHOMP! CHOMP! CHOMP!
..HOL' ON! HOL' ON! HOL' ON, STRANGER! LOOK! LOOK AT MY FINE WIFE!..WILL YUH STAY?
.. I'M A-STAYIN'!
...WHY DIDN'T YUH TELL ME YOU HAD ONE O' THESE IN THE FIRST PLACE!... LOOK AT THE WAY SHE STANDS... TALL AN' PROUD... SOFT BROWN EYES... DELICATE NOSTRILS, FLARED AND QUIVERING! MAN! LOOKIT THEM LINES!...LOOKIT THEM CURVES!...I'VE JUST GOT TA GO OVER AND STROKE HER!
NAOW... HOL' ON, STRANGER!
.. HAIN'T YOU A-CARRYIN' THIS THING A MITE TOO FUR?
OLD MACDONALD
MISTUH!... WHEN I SEES A THING OF BEAUTY... I JUST GETS ALL MUSHY INSIDE! THAR'S NUTHIN' AS BEAUTIFUL AS A GOOD LOOKIN HORSE!
PUSH
ON-BOY, SANE! YOU'RE STAYIN' ON, HUH, SANE? WILL YOU TEACH ME HOW TO SHOOT, SANE? WILL YOU TEACH ME HOW TO GUN MY PLAYMATES, SANE? WHAT'S YOUR GUN FOR, SANE? YOU CAN SHOOT, CANTCHA, SANE? YOU'RE A GUN-FIGHTER, AINTCHA, SANE? THAT'S A SPECIAL QUICK-DRAW GUN-FIGHTER GUN, AND YOU CAN BEAT ANYONE TO THE DRAW, HUH, SANE?
NAOW, JOEY BOY... YOU RUN ALONG NAOW...
BUY BANKS TODAY
I KNOW SANE'S A GUN-FIGHTER! I JUST KNOW SANE KIN SHOOT!
AH, ME! CHILDREN HAVE SUCH FANTASTIC IMAGINATIONS...ALWAYS LIVING IN A LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE... WEAVING A WHOLE WEB OF FICTION ABOUT SUCH SIMPLE THINGS AS MY NOVELTY RONSON CIGARETTE LIGHTER!
LITTLE PEST!

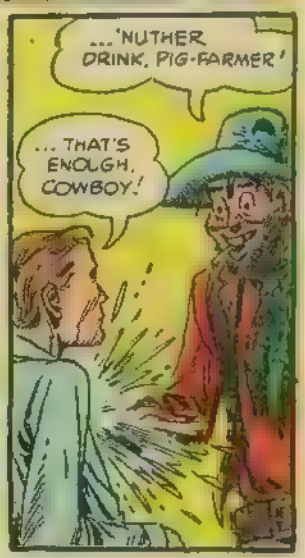

SANE! IT AIR MIGHTY FINE OF YOU TO RIDE INTO TOWN WITH US FARMERS! THE CATTLEMEN WILL BE WAITING AND IFFEN THERE'S TROUBLE... THE MORE MEN WE HAVE, THE BETTER IT'LL BE!
WAAL! DEEP DOWN INSIDE, I REALIZE THAT YOU FARMERS HAVE A JUST CAUSE, AND I SHALL GO WITH YOU IN THE INTERESTS OF RIGHT AND JUSTICE! BESIDES, I WANT TO GET 2¢ DEPOSIT ON THIS POP-BOTTLE FROM THE GENERAL STORE!

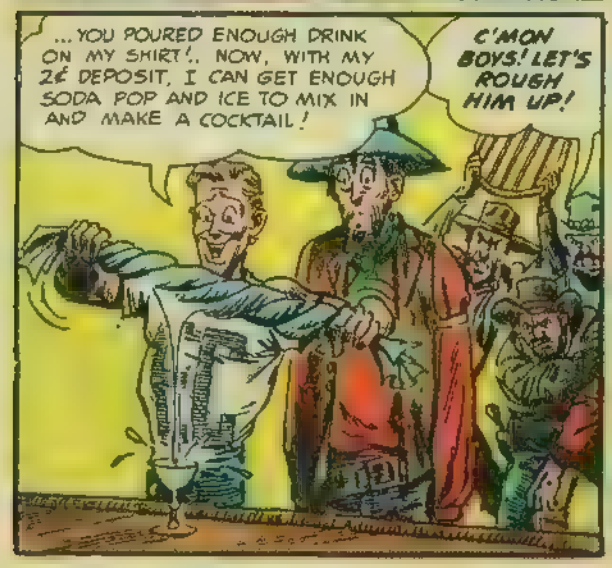

COULD I PLEASE HAVE 2¢ DEPOSIT?
SST! LOOK! IT'S THE STRANGER! HE'S WITH THE FARMERS!
LET'S PICK A FIGHT WITH HIM!
HEY FELLAS! I SMELL PIGS!
HEY! DOES ANY-BODY SMELL ANY PIGS AROUND HYAR?

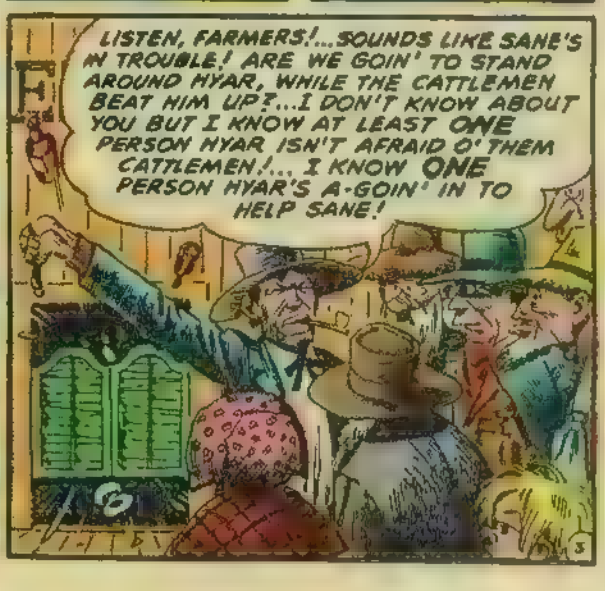
NO WONDER WE SMELL PIGS, BOYS! HYAR'S A PIG-FARMER!... HAVE A DRINK, PIG-FARMER!
...DON'T PUSH TOO FAR, COWBOY!

.. HAVE ANOTHER DRINK, PIG-FARMER!
DON'T PUSH TOO FAR, COWBOY!

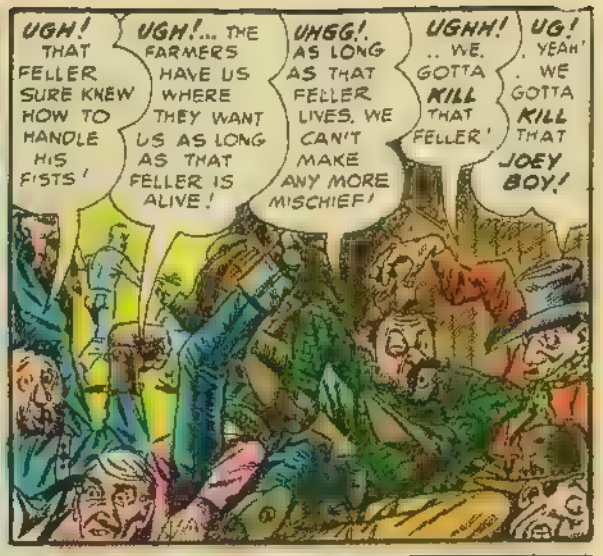
... HAVE 'NUTHER DRINK, PIG-FARMER!
..DON'T PUSH TOO FAR, COWBOY!


...'NUTHER DRINK, PIG-FARMER!
... THAT'S ENOUGH, COWBOY!


...YOU POURED ENOUGH DRINK ON MY SHIRT!.. NOW, WITH MY 2¢ DEPOSIT, I CAN GET ENOUGH SODA POP AND ICE TO MIX IN AND MAKE A COCKTAIL!
C'MON BOYS! LET'S ROUGH HIM UP!

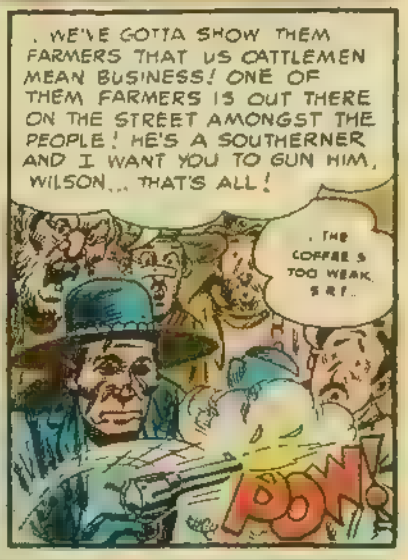

LISTEN, FARMERS!...SOUNDS LIKE SANE'S IN TROUBLE! ARE WE GOIN' TO STAND AROUND HYAR, WHILE THE CATTLEMEN BEAT HIM UP?...I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU BUT I KNOW AT LEAST ONE PERSON HYAR ISN'T AFRAID O' THEM CATTLEMEN!... I KNOW ONE PERSON HYAR'S A-GOIN' IN TO HELP SANE!

..YES.. YOU GUESSED IT!... THAT ONE PERSON THAT'S GOING TO HELP SANE IS ME... JOEY BOY!
HOLD ON, SANE! I'M COMIN'!
TROMP TROMP

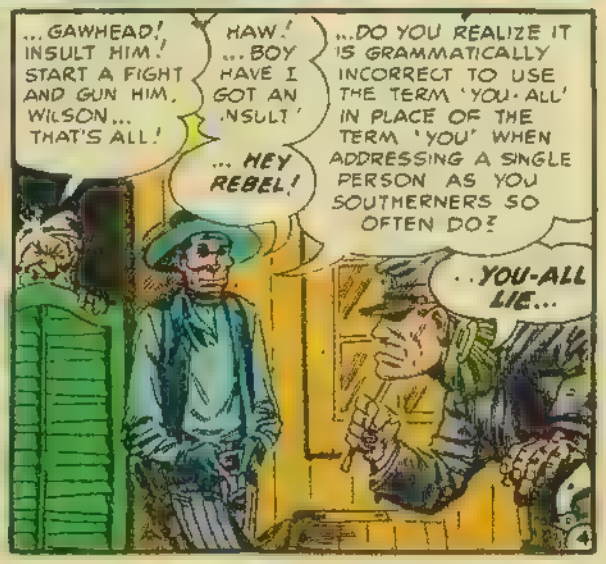

UGH! THAT FELLER SURE KNEW HOW TO HANDLE HIS FISTS!
UGH!... THE FARMERS HAVE US WHERE THEY WANT US AS LONG AS THAT FELLER IS ALIVE!
UHGG! AS LONG AS THAT FELLER LIVES, WE CAN'T MAKE ANY MORE MISCHIEF!
UGHH! .. WE GOTTA KILL THAT FELLER!
UG! YEAH! WE GOTTA KILL THAT JOEY BOY!

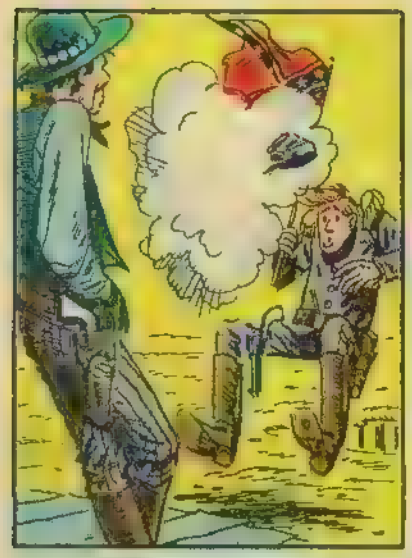
...AND I'VE GOT JUST THE MAN TO DO THE JOB... BOYS! I WANT YOU TO MEET A GUN-FIGHTER!... JUST CALL HIM WILSON... THAT'S ALL!
HERE'S YOUR COFFEE SIR

... WHY BOYS.. THIS FELLER CAN BEAT ANYONE TO THE DRAW! IT WAS IN ABILENE IN A FURNITURE STORE!... THERE STOOD THIS BEAURAU! THEY HAD A RACE! THIS FELLER BEAT EVERYBODY TO THE DRAW... THE BEAURAU DRAW THAT IS!
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY SIR?

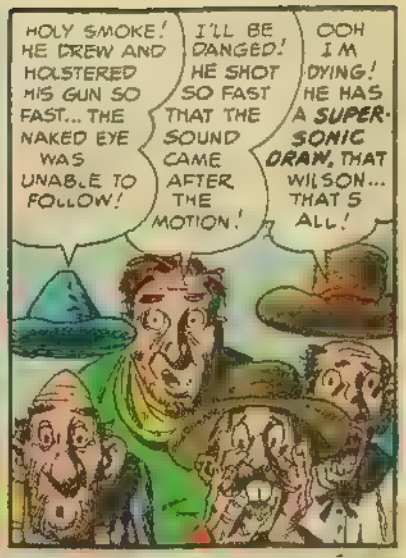

.. WE'VE GOTTA SHOW THEM FARMERS THAT US CATTLEMEN MEAN BUSINESS! ONE OF THEM FARMERS IS OUT THERE ON THE STREET AMONGST THE PEOPLE! HE'S A SOUTHERNER AND I WANT YOU TO GUN HIM, WILSON... THAT'S ALL!
.. THE COFFEE'S TOO WEAK, SIR!..
POOW!

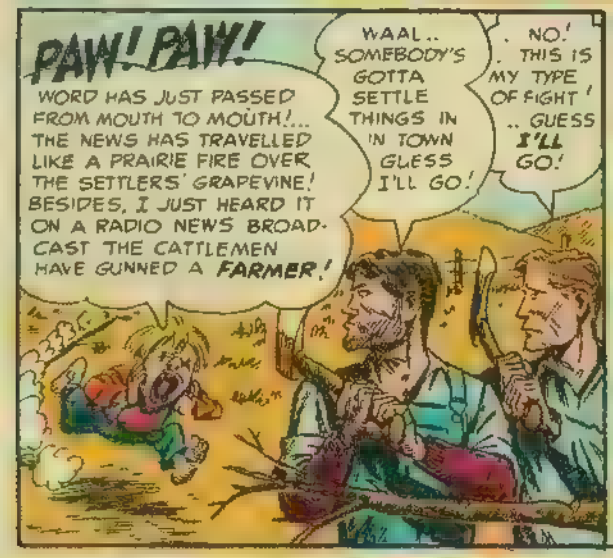
.. I SEE THE PEOPLE... ONLY, HOW CAN I POSSIBLY RECOGNIZE THE SOUTHERNER!
.. ITS RELATIVELY SIMPLE!
IF YOU LOOK CAREFULLY, YOU WILL NOTICE THAT HIS LEFT INDEX FINGERNAIL IS SLIGHTLY SPLIT!
♪ OH! I WISH I WAS IN DIXIE... AWAY, AWAY ♪

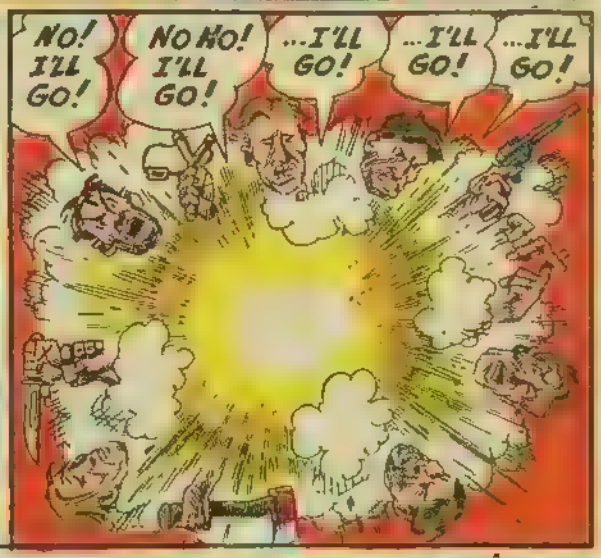

... GAWHEAD! INSULT HIM! START A FIGHT AND GUN HIM, WILSON... THAT'S ALL!
HAW! ... BOY HAVE I GOT AN INSULT!
... HEY REBEL!
...DO YOU REALIZE IT IS GRAMMATICALLY INCORRECT TO USE THE TERM 'YOU-ALL' IN PLACE OF THE TERM 'YOU' WHEN ADDRESSING A SINGLE PERSON AS YOU SOUTHERNERS SO OFTEN DO?
..YOU-ALL LIE...



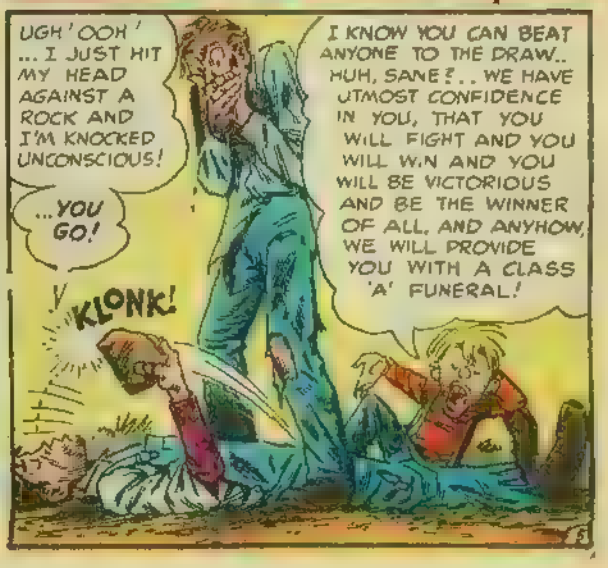
POW!
SPLASH

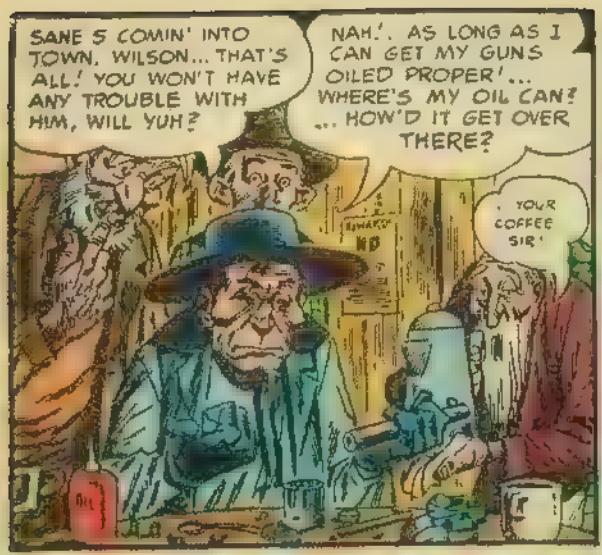

HOLY SMOKE! HE DREW AND HOLSTERED HIS GUN SO FAST... THE NAKED EYE WAS UNABLE TO FOLLOW!
I'LL BE DANGED! HE SHOT SO FAST THAT THE SOUND CAME AFTER THE MOTION!
OOH I'M DYING! HE HAS A SUPER-SONIC DRAW, THAT WILSON... THAT'S ALL!

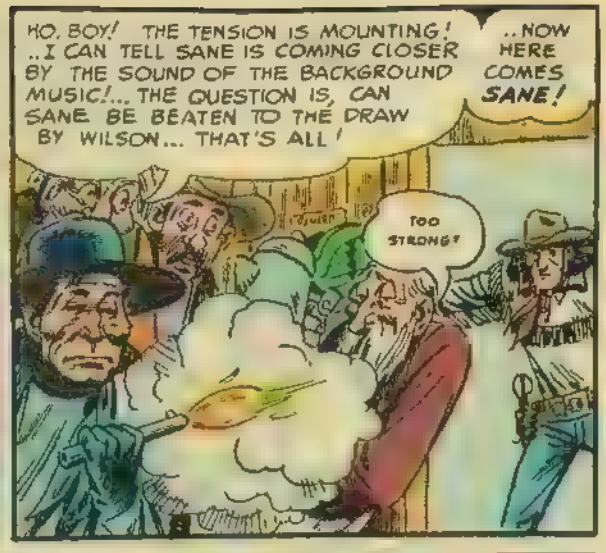

PAW! PAW!
WORD HAS JUST PASSED FROM MOUTH TO MOUTH!... THE NEWS HAS TRAVELLED LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE OVER THE SETTLERS' GRAPEVINE! BESIDES, I JUST HEARD IT ON A RADIO NEWS BROADCAST THE CATTLEMEN HAVE GUNNED A FARMER!
WAAL.. SOMEBODY'S GOTTA SETTLE THINGS IN TOWN GUESS I'LL GO!
NO! THIS IS MY TYPE OF FIGHT! .. GUESS I'LL GO!

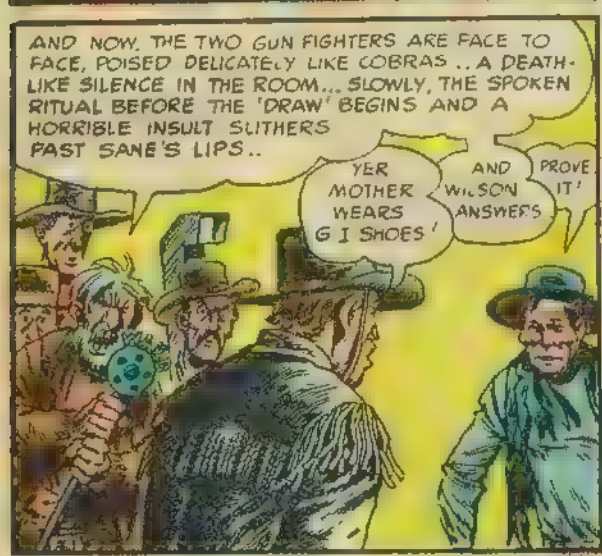

NO! I'LL GO!
NO NO! I'LL GO!
...I'LL GO!
...I'LL GO!
...I'LL GO!

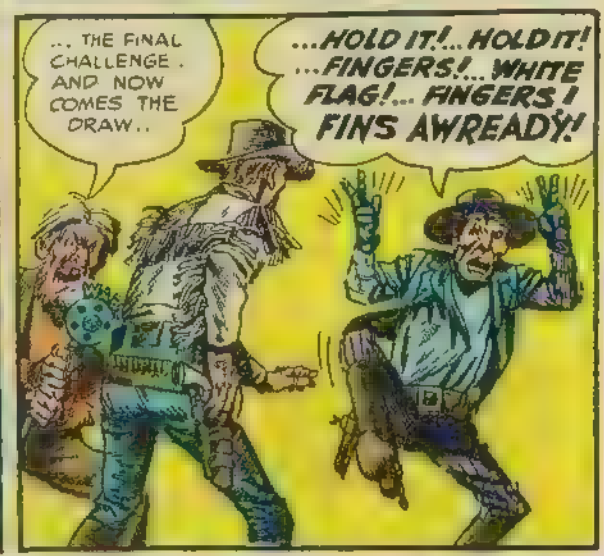
OK! I GIVE IN! . YOU GO!

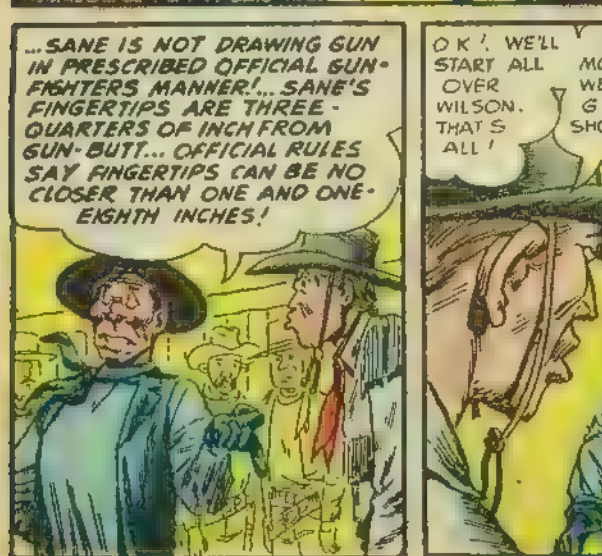

UGH! OOH! ... I JUST HIT MY HEAD AGAINST A ROCK AND I'M KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS!
...YOU GO!
KLONK!
I KNOW YOU CAN BEAT ANYONE TO THE DRAW.. HUH, SANE?.. WE HAVE UTMOST CONFIDENCE IN YOU, THAT YOU WILL FIGHT AND YOU WILL WIN AND YOU WILL BE VICTORIOUS AND BE THE WINNER OF ALL, AND ANYHOW, WE WILL PROVIDE YOU WITH A CLASS 'A' FUNERAL!

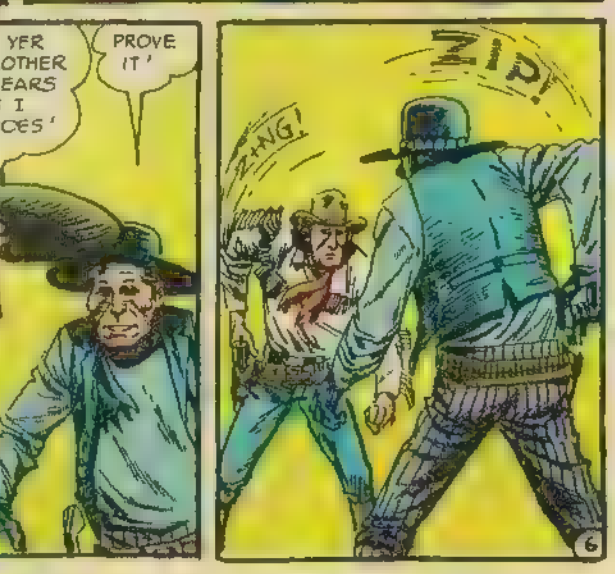

SANE S COMIN' INTO TOWN, WILSON... THAT'S ALL! YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH HIM, WILL YUH?
NAH!. AS LONG AS I CAN GET MY GUNS OILED PROPER!... WHERE'S MY OIL CAN? ... HOW'D IT GET OVER THERE?
. YOUR COFFEE SIR!

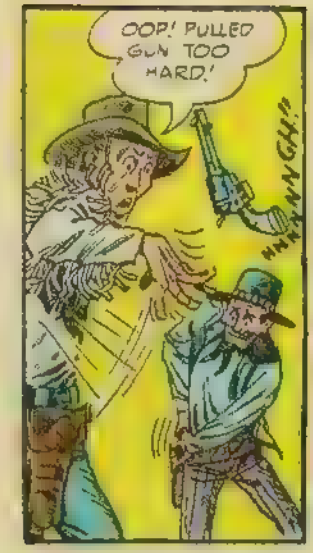

HO, BOY! THE TENSION IS MOUNTING! ..I CAN TELL SANE IS COMING CLOSER BY THE SOUND OF THE BACKGROUND MUSIC!... THE QUESTION IS, CAN SANE BE BEATEN TO THE DRAW BY WILSON... THAT'S ALL!
..NOW HERE COMES SANE!
TOO STRONG!


AND NOW, THE TWO GUN FIGHTERS ARE FACE TO FACE, POISED DELICATELY LIKE COBRAS .. A DEATH-LIKE SILENCE IN THE ROOM... SLOWLY, THE SPOKEN RITUAL BEFORE THE 'DRAW' BEGINS AND A HORRIBLE INSULT SLITHERS PAST SANE'S LIPS..
YER MOTHER WEARS G I SHOES!
AND WILSON ANSWERS
PROVE IT!

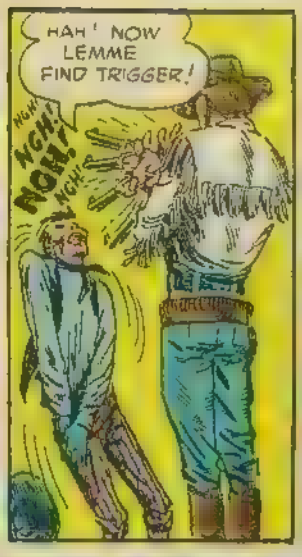

... THE FINAL CHALLENGE . AND NOW COMES THE DRAW..
...HOLD IT!...HOLD IT! ...FINGERS!... WHITE FLAG!... FINGERS! FIN'S AWREADY!


...SANE IS NOT DRAWING GUN IN PRESCRIBED OFFICIAL GUN-FIGHTERS MANNER!... SANE'S FINGERTIPS ARE THREE-QUARTERS OF INCH FROM GUN-BUTT... OFFICIAL RULES SAY FINGERTIPS CAN BE NO CLOSER THAN ONE AND ONE-EIGHTH INCHES!

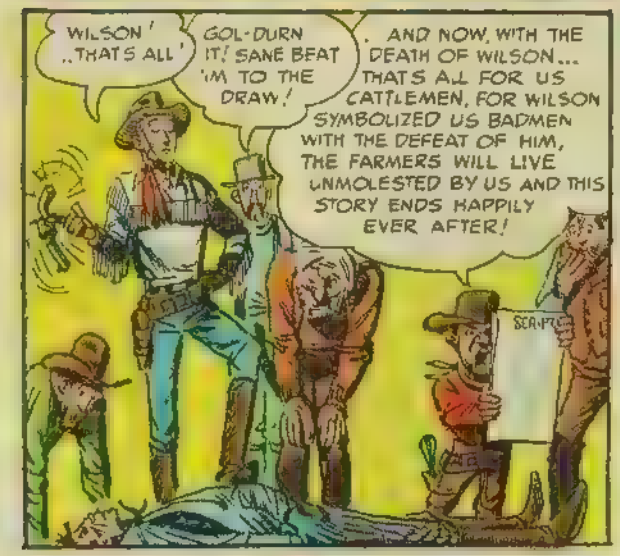

O K!. WE'LL START ALL OVER WILSON. THAT S ALL!
YER MOTHER WEARS G I SHOES!
PROVE IT!
ZIP!
ZING!

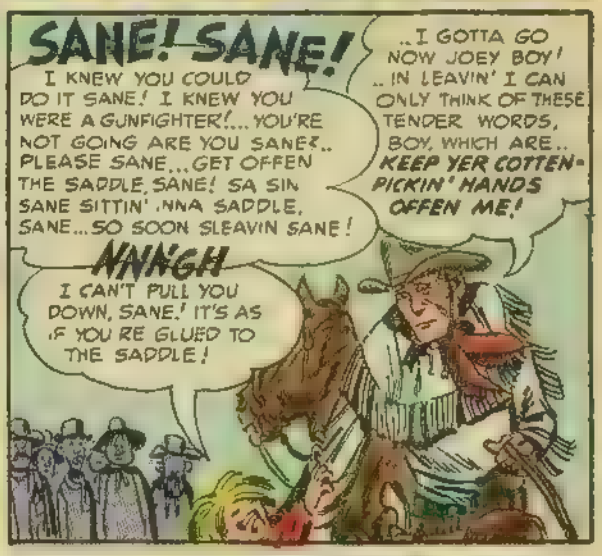

OOP! PULLED GUN TOO HARD!
NNNNNGH!!

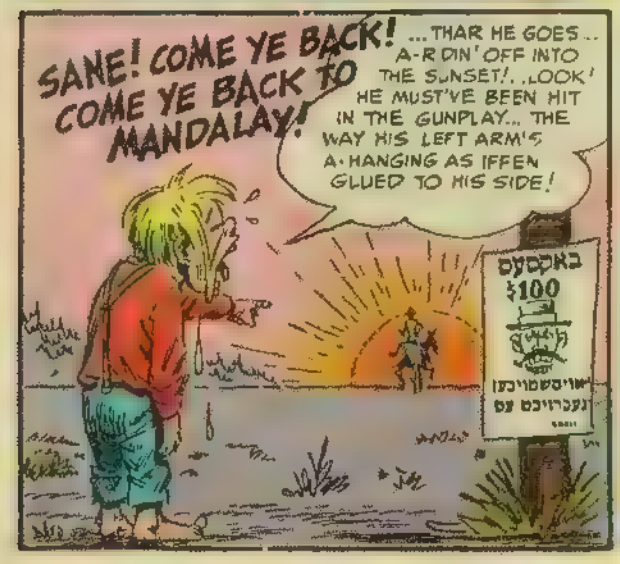
HAH NOW!
OOP! WRONG END!
ANNGH!

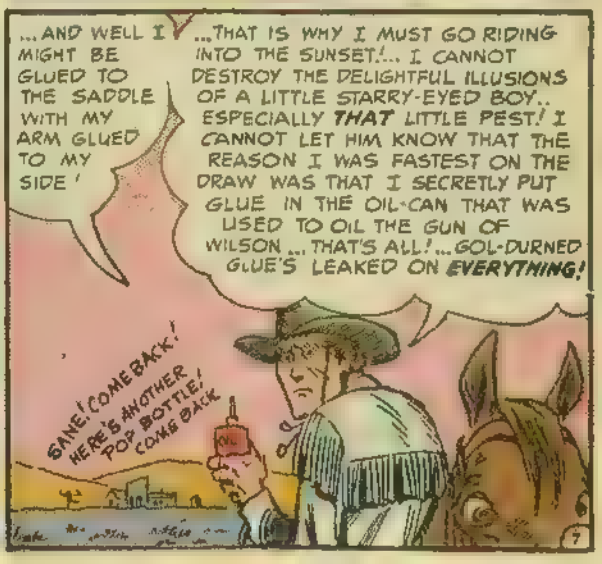

HAH! NOW LEMME FIND TRIGGER!
NGH! NGH! NGH!

OOP! DROPPED IT!
POW!


WILSON! ..THAT'S ALL!
GOL-DURN IT! SANE BEAT 'IM TO THE DRAW!
. AND NOW, WITH THE DEATH OF WILSON... THAT'S ALL FOR US CATTLEMEN, FOR WILSON SYMBOLIZED US BADMEN WITH THE DEFEAT OF HIM, THE FARMERS WILL LIVE UNMOLESTED BY US AND THIS STORY ENDS HAPPILY EVER AFTER!
SCRIPT

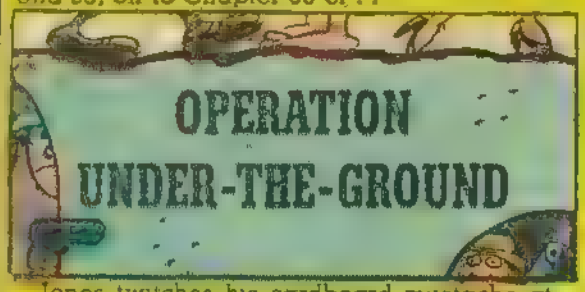

SANE! SANE!
I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT SANE! I KNEW YOU WERE A GUNFIGHTER!... YOU'RE NOT GOING ARE YOU SANE?.. PLEASE SANE... GET OFFEN THE SADDLE, SANE! SA SIN SANE SITTIN' INNA SADDLE, SANE... SO SOON SLEAVIN SANE!
..I GOTTA GO NOW JOEY BOY! .. IN LEAVIN' I CAN ONLY THINK OF THESE TENDER WORDS, BOY, WHICH ARE.. KEEP YER COTTEN-PICKIN' HANDS OFFEN ME!
NNNGH
I CAN'T PULL YOU DOWN, SANE! IT'S AS IF YOU RE GLUED TO THE SADDLE!


SANE! COME YE BACK! COME YE BACK TO MANDALAY!
...THAR HE GOES .. A-R DIN' OFF INTO THE SUNSET!.. LOOK! HE MUST'VE BEEN HIT IN THE GUNPLAY.. THE WAY HIS LEFT ARM'S A-HANGING AS IFFEN GLUED TO HIS SIDE!
באקסעס
$100


...AND WELL I MIGHT BE GLUED TO THE SADDLE WITH MY ARM GLUED TO MY SIDE!
...THAT IS WHY I MUST GO RIDING INTO THE SUNSET!... I CANNOT DESTROY THE DELIGHTFUL ILLUSIONS OF A LITTLE STARRY-EYED BOY.. ESPECIALLY THAT LITTLE PEST! I CANNOT LET HIM KNOW THAT THE REASON I WAS FASTEST ON THE DRAW WAS THAT I SECRETLY PUT GLUE IN THE OIL-CAN THAT WAS USED TO OIL THE GUN OF WILSON... THAT'S ALL!... GOL-DURNED GLUE'S LEAKED ON EVERYTHING!
SANE! COME BACK! HERE'S ANOTHER POP BOTTLE! COME BACK

CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.: And now, chapter THIRTY-FIVE in the fantastic adventures of SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!

As you remember Jones he was scrounging around the Gremlin disguised as a spy—or was he spying around the Gremlin disguised as a scrounge? Any how when we last left Jones, he was being approached by Floppova Movova, luscious blond spy queen of the secret police. At this point Jones left, and so, on to Chapter 35 of . . .



Jones twitches his cardboard mustache at Floppova Movova. She hauls him into a bar and orders some vodka. Then he makes a big mistake. He tries to outdrink Floppova and the next minute what does he do? . . . You guessed it! . . . Floppova! Instantly, a BVD whizzes into view and drags Jones away for drunken drinking. Floppova follows, trying in vain to tell the BVD's in short . . . (or shorts, however you prefer) that she was about to prove Jones a spy.

Jones is carted through the Gremlin gates into the office of . . . Lavrenti Buried, Chief of Police. Buried wears red flannel underwear to denote his high rank in the BVD's. The BVD's tell Buried about Jone's Floppova and Floppova's Jones!

"Take him to the torture chamber.", says Buried!" I haven't heard a human scream for a whole minute now." . . .

. . . Well, now! Will Buried and his BVD's subject Jones to some horrible torture? Will the next chapter reveal the escape of Jones from Buried of the BVDs? Or will Jones be Buried IN his BVDs'

Tune in next month at this same time for chapter 4, when we will introduce a new character called Mr. Ground who backs into an electric fan and has to go to the hospital. Yes—tune in to Chapter 4 of OPERATION UNDER GROUND.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION, REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of MAD published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1953.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Educational Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Editor, Harvey Kurtzman, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Managing Editor, William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Business manager, Frank D. Lee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Educational Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Wm. M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. J. K. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. V. E. MacAdie, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1953.

[SEAL] Ettore De-Stefano, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1954.)

YOU, TOO, CAN MEET NEW FRIENDS! JOIN THE

E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

SEND FOR *YOUR MEMBERSHIP KIT* TODAY. RECEIVE A FULL-COLOR 7½ X 10½ ILLUMINATED *CERTIFICATE*, A STURDY WALLET *IDENTIFICATION CARD*, A SNAZZY EMBROIDERED *SHOULDER PATCH*, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF *PIN*.

* * * * *

FOR AN *INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP*, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH 25¢. IF *FIVE* OR *MORE* OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN *AUTHORIZED CHAPTER*, ENCLOSE *EACH* MEMBER'S NAME AND ADDRESS ALONG WITH *25¢* FOR *EACH NAME*, AND INDICATE THE *NAME* OF THE *ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT*. WE WILL NOTIFY *EACH PRESIDENT* OF HIS *CHAPTER NUMBER*. *EACH* MEMBER, *CHAPTER* OR *INDIVIDUAL*, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT *DIRECTLY*... BY RETURN MAIL!

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK, 12, N.Y.

Here's my two bits! I want the things and stuff like the kid's wearing! I want to meet new friends like the kid's meeting! I'm a fan-addict! I'm mad!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. ____

STATE _____

MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

I am shocked at the suggestion of some of your other readers that you put out a monthly *Mad*. Please! Pity my poor bank account.—Clare Gottfried—Long Island, New York

Heh, heh, heh! No mercy for your money-belts from us! With this issue, Mad goes monthly.—ed

I have enjoyed many of your E.C. mags, but then along came *Mad* and wrecked my whole opinion of your company. I think all *Mad* comics should be burned and the ashes dropped into the ocean. It is a very silly, no-count book, but don't be injured too much because of my opinion. You see I work for your competitors.—Disgustingly yours—L.S./M.F.T.

I don't understand why some people don't like *Mad*. I work at night and when I get home I want to read something restful to settle my nerves. Reading *Mad* is just like talking to my next door neighbors.—Hettie Chesney—Grave 3, Plot 35, Old Franklinton Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio—P.S. I would like to contact good, red-blooded American boys. Any living in the vicinity should drop down some evening. (Those with O type, RH negative are especially welcome.)

Meine heben Herren

In eurem letzem magazine sie haben shvienhunt falsch geschrieben. Es ist nicht shvienhunt sondern schweinehund. Ich hoffe ihr schreibt es nicht mehr falsch in der Zukunft.—Manfred Waechter—Woodside, Long Island

. . I am 10 years old, a Junior at MIT, and deem *Mad* to be the most ghesmuuk, the most raveningly lz-chaa, sroummp publication ever produced on Terra. I am an alert, amiable, personable, likeable, tidy, neat, orderly, courteous, clean-living, 100% green-blooded Venusian kid, and all I got to say is: Your old lady sucks chicken-guts!—Melvin Tahpida—Woolworth, Tenn

. Please tell me what in the world "Furshlugginer" means.—Larry E. Lengle E.M F.N —c/o F P O., New York, New York

It means the same as Potrzebie.—*ed*

GRIPE DEPARTMENT: I've got glubbins of the glibbins. I'm a casket case. I'm living in a *Mad* world! Wottamigoingtodo? Up until yesterday, I was a sweet, innocent, woolly lamb. I nibbled my own little patch of greens. I ventured not, I wanted not. But it all changed. Some character came into my Inner Sanctum and thrust an (ugh!) Comic Book on my heretofore unblemished desk. (For the record: I don't read 'em!) I glared, I sneered, I was aloof. Then I made my first mistake. I picked it up. It was *Mad!* My second mistake followed my first: I read it. My third mistake followed the first two (and *this* one cost me money): I subscribed. Not only am I leaving myself open to MADness, but I'm wanting a shoulder patch for my strapless office suits. I'm a FAN-ADDICT!—Gwynne DeCoverly—Chicago, Illinois

Finally your completely untalented and unoriginal rivals have come out with imitations of *Mad*. One of the largest comic houses came out with two *Mad* imitations, both monthly, with seven inside pages of pend ads to your one, although the mags have the same amount of pages. Another company came out with an equally sad imitation, in 3-D yet, at two-bits a throw. These are probably just the beginning of a long line of imitations yet to come. There oughta be a law! —Ed Spiegel—Troy, New York

How about a blog on your color artist?—Roger Schenkman—Santa Monica, California

Marie Severin, our colorist, is one of the unsung heroines down here at E.C., and some day we intend to devote a page to describing her efforts. Let it suffice to say here that the talented Marie has been and is responsible for all the color you see in the whole line of E.C. publications, and you'll excuse us for being slightly prejudiced, but we think that our Marie is the best comic book colorist in the U S A.—ed

Before going into the commercials . . . be advised there is a two page feature about *E C. Publisher and Managing Editor Bill Gaines* in the first issue of a new "vest-pocket" size magazine called TOPS, dated March, 1954 . . . and scheduled to hit the stands around the end of January. Feature includes Bill's picture . . . and a few panel reproductions from *Shock SuspenStories* (Of considerably more interest is the center spread of many, many beautiful gals!)

Second issue of PANIC is on the stands! Good try! (Sub coupon on preceding page!) Fan-Addict Club membership about ten thousand at this writing. (Details on inside front cover!) Subscription to this rag . . . one buck for 8 issues! Address for comments, sub orders, etc. is:

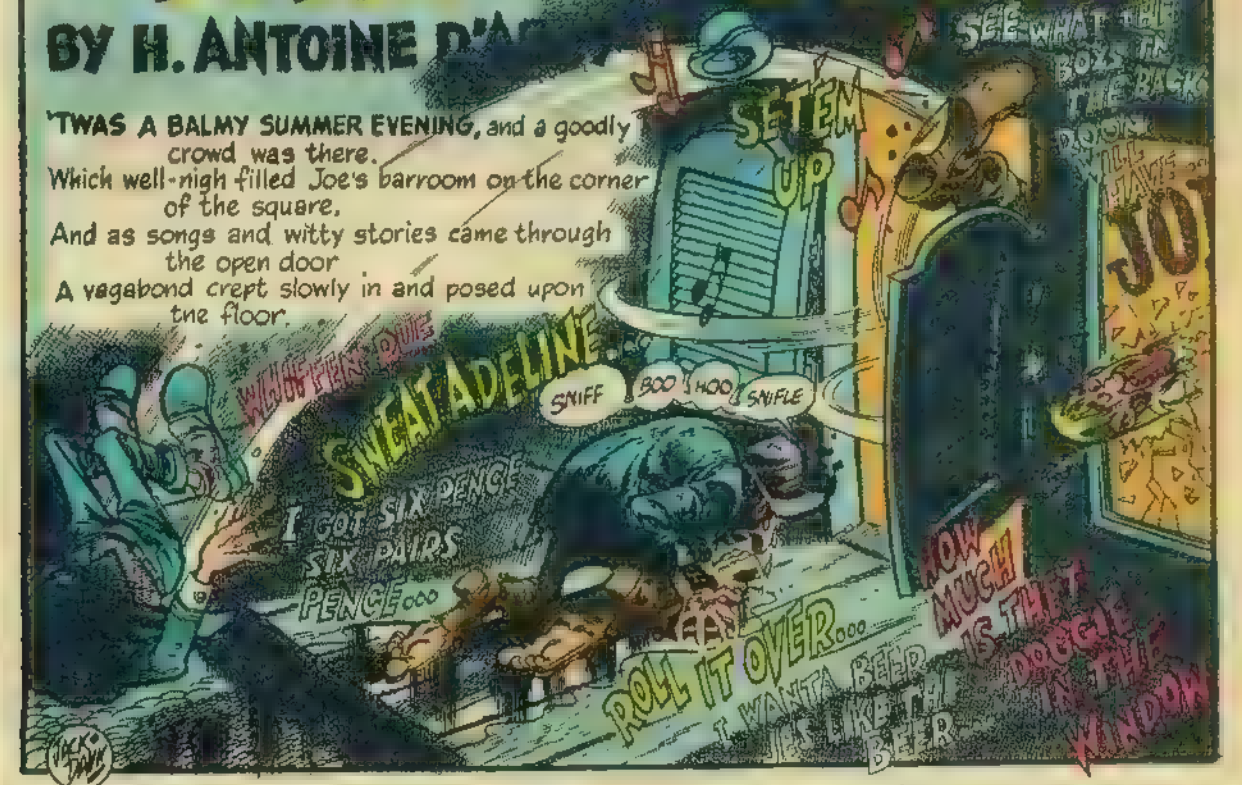
Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 10
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12

POETRY DEPT.: THERE IS A FAMOUS POEM WHOSE NAME IS USED NO MORE!... YOU'VE HEARD OF IT BY TITLE IT REALLY NEVER WORE (... AND IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD--WELL, KID, YOU JUST DON'T KNOW THE SCORE!)...AS TIME HAS PASSED, THE NEWER NAME HAS SUBSTITUTED FOR...*THE FACE UPON THE BARROOM FLOOR FOR...*

THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR!

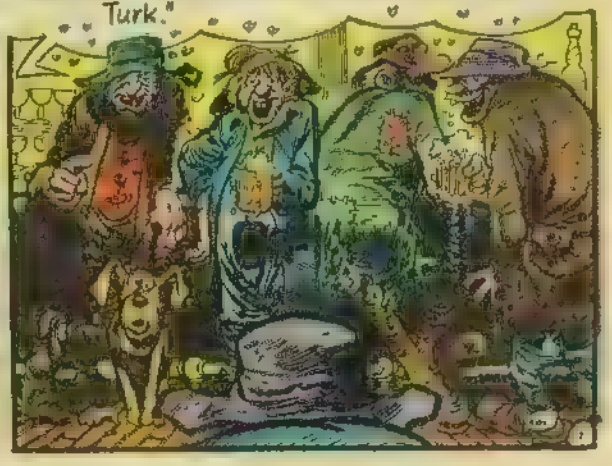
BY H. ANTOINE D'A

'TWAS A BALMY SUMMER EVENING, and a goodly crowd was there.
Which well-nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the square,
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

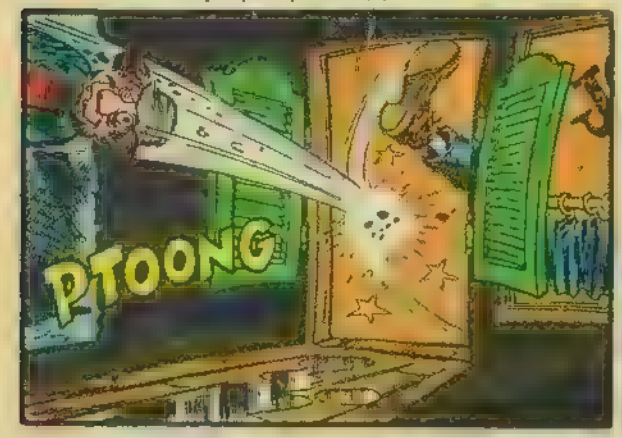


"Where did it come from?" someone said: "The wind has blown it in."
"What does it want?" another cried, "Some whisky, rum or gin?"

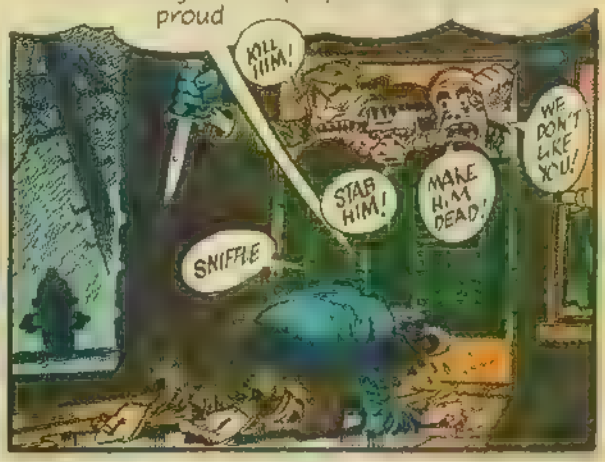
"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the work—
I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's filthy as a Turk."



This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace;
In fact, he smiled as though he thought he'd struck the proper place.

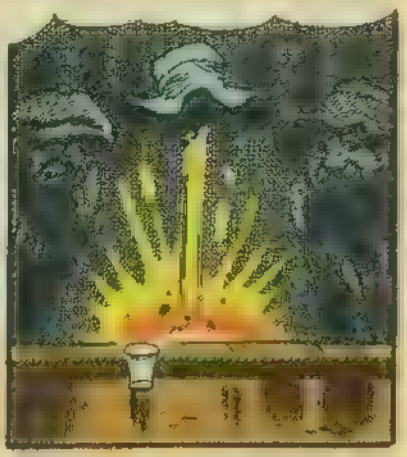


"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd —
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud



"Give me a drink – that's what I want – I'm out of funds, you know;
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow.

"What? You laugh as though you thought this pocket never held a sou;
I once was fixed as well my boys as anyone of you.

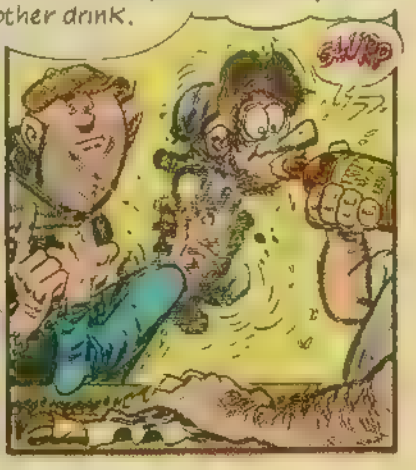


"There thanks, that's braced me nicely. God bless you one and all;
Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make another call.

"Give you a song? No, I can't do that my singing days are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out and my lungs are going fast.

"Say! Give me another whisky, and I'll tell what I'll do —
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise too.

"That I was ever a decent man not one of you would think;
But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give me another drink.

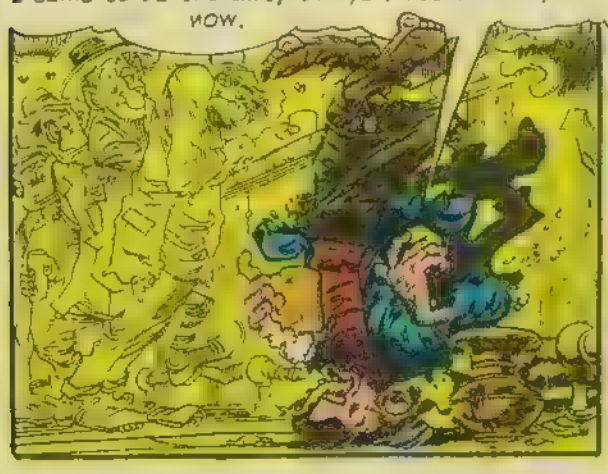


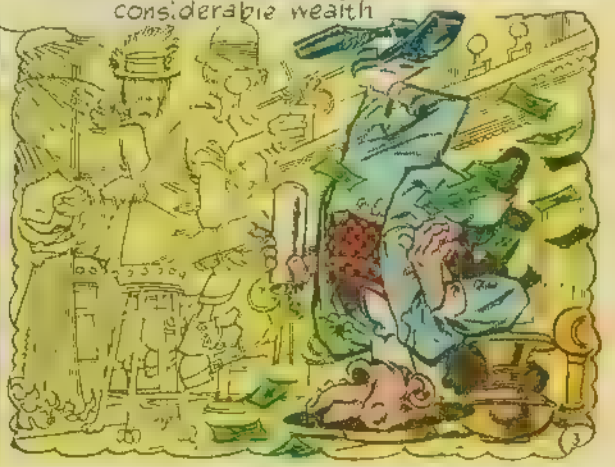
"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my frame —
Such little drinks, to a bum like me, are miserably tame;

"Five fingers — there, that's the scheme — and corking whisky, too.
Well, here's luck, boys; and, landlord, my best regards to you.

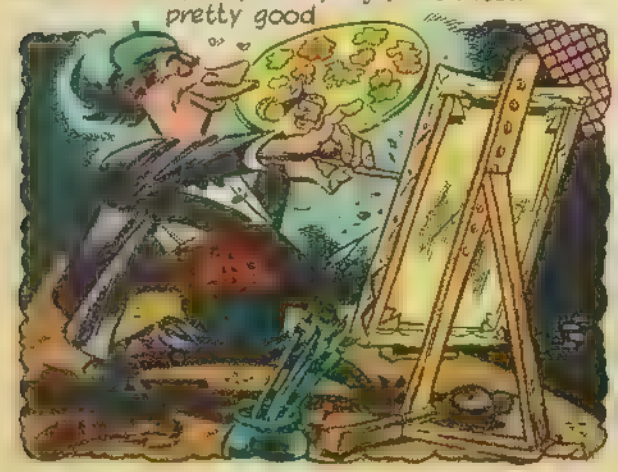
"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now.

"As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle, frame and health,
And, but for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth

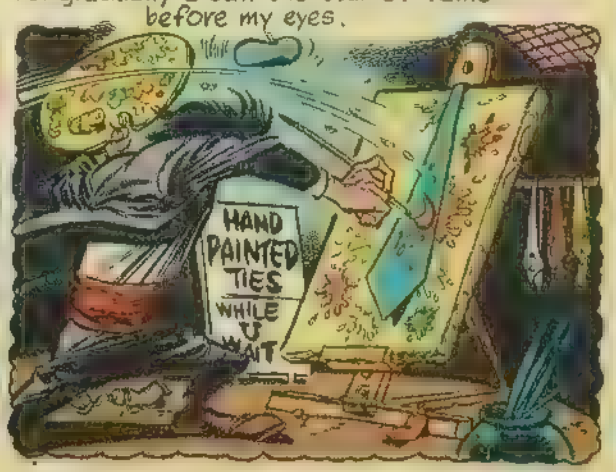




"I was a painter – not one that daubed on bricks and wood
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated pretty good



"I worked hard, at my canvas and was bidding fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.



"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called the 'Chase of Fame;'
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and added to my name.

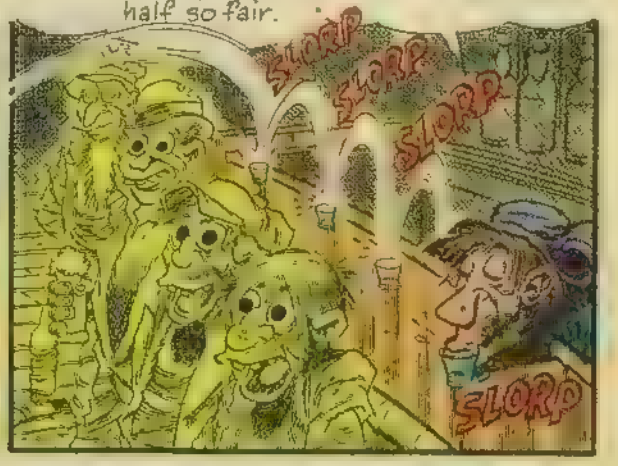
"And then I met a woman — now comes the funny part —
With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me,

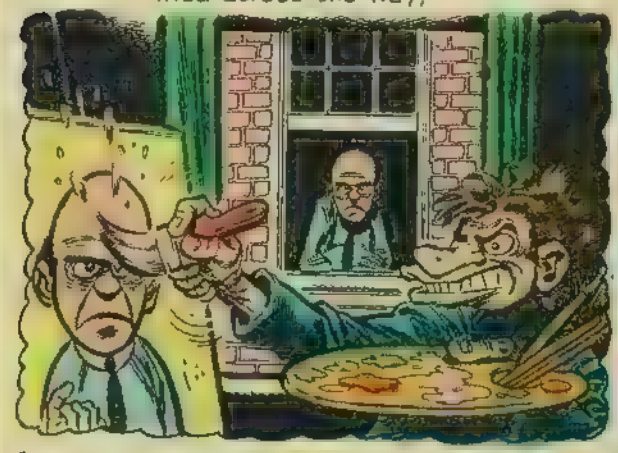
"But 'twas so, and for a month or two, her smiles were freely given,
And when her loving lips touched mine it carried me to heaven.

"Did ever you see a woman for whom your soul you'd give
With a form like Milo Venus, too beautiful to live;

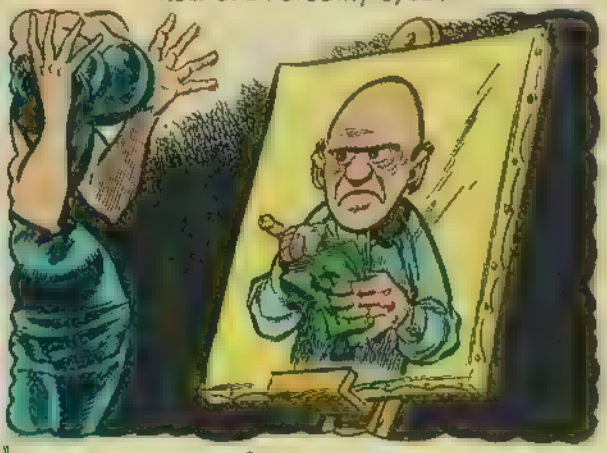
"With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.



"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across the way,

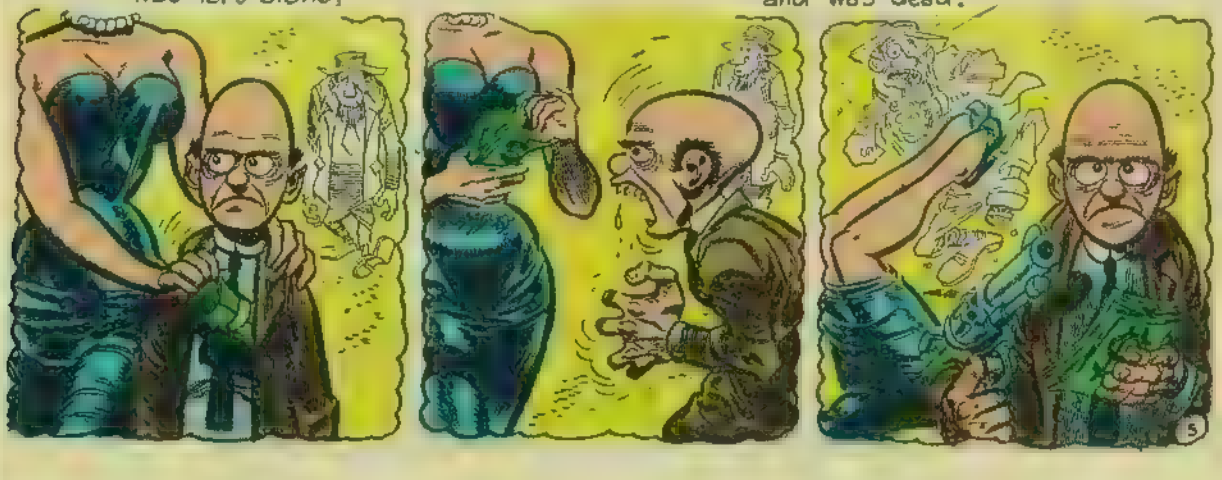


"And Madeline admired it, and much to my surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

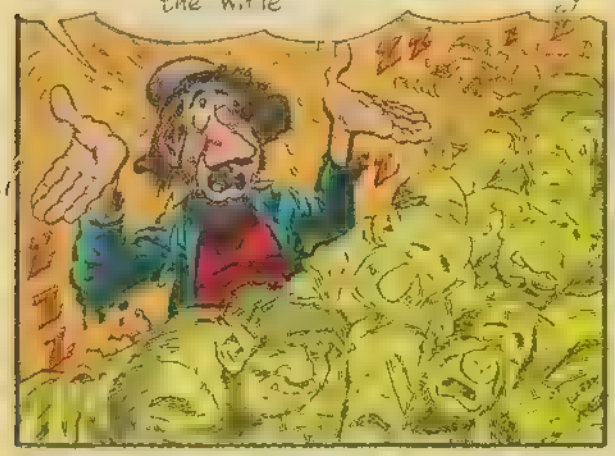


"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown
My friend had stolen my darling, and I was left alone;

"And, ere a year of misery had passed above my head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished, and was dead.



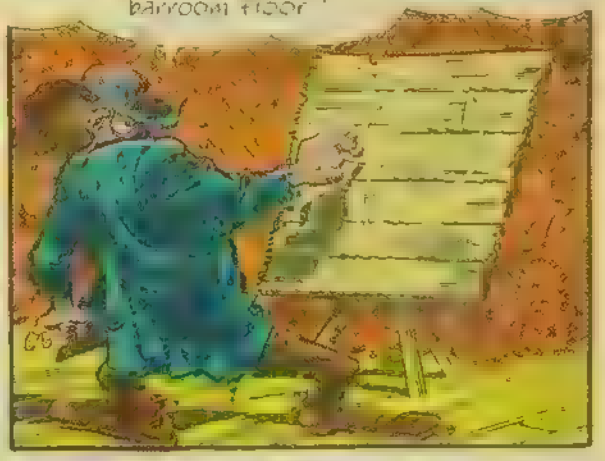
"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while



"Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a teardrop in your eye,
Come laugh like me — [illegible] and [illegible] that should cry

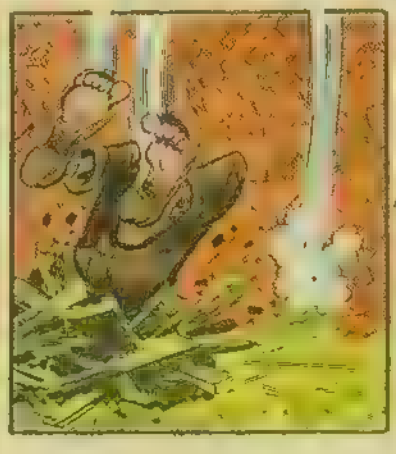
"Say boys, if you give me just another whisky I'll be glad,
And I'll draw right here a picture of the face that drove me mad.

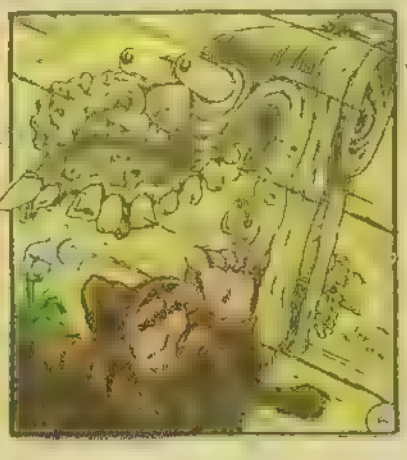
"Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the [illegible] score —
You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the barroom floor."



Another drink and with the chalk in hand, the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man.

Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head
With fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture — dead.





HEROINE WORSHIP DEPT.: THIS STORY IS THE USUAL SUPER TYPE STORY!... MAIN CHARACTER HAS SUPERHUMAN POWERS ROUND AROUND IN VERY TIGHT FITTING TIGHTS!.. SAME OLD STUFF, YOU SAY? DULL, YOU SAY!.. DON'T GO 'WAY, GUYS, CAUSE THIS CHARACTER IN TIGHT-FITTING TIGHTS IS A WOMAN! AND WE CALL HER THE. .

WOMAN WONDER!

HEY! JOIN THE RUSH OR GET OUT OF THE WAY!... THE WOMAN WONDER IS IN TOWN!

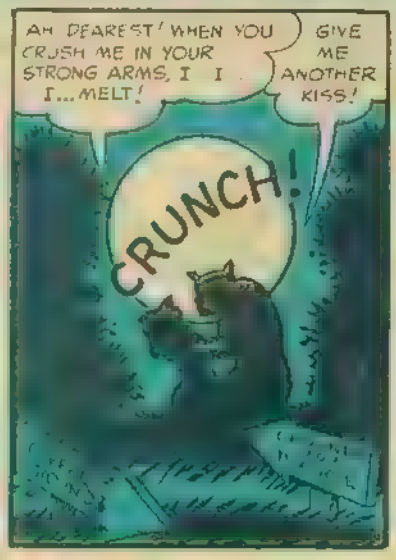
RIGHT!...YOU HAVE HEARD OF THE WOMAN WONDER'S GREAT BEAUTY AND YOU ARE RUNNING INTO TOWN TO GET A GLIMPSE OF HER LOVELY PERSONAGE?

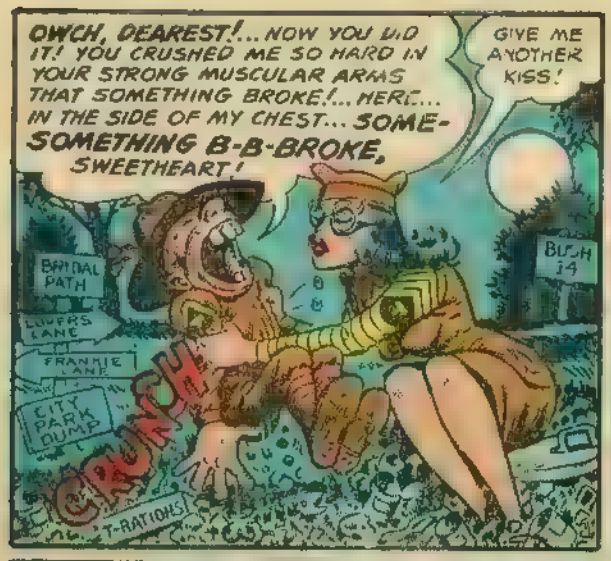
WRONG! WE HAVE HEARD OF THE WOMAN WONDER'S GREAT POWER AND WE ARE RUNNING OUT OF TOWN TO FIND A SAFER PLACE FOR US... LIKE SING-SING OR DEVIL'S ISLAND...

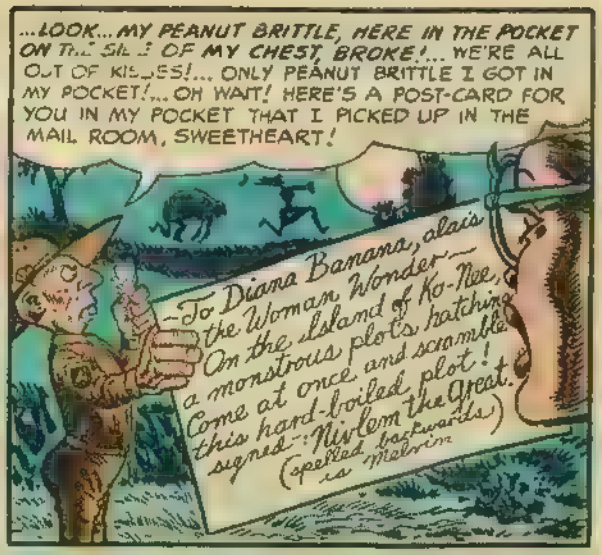
BAGLES

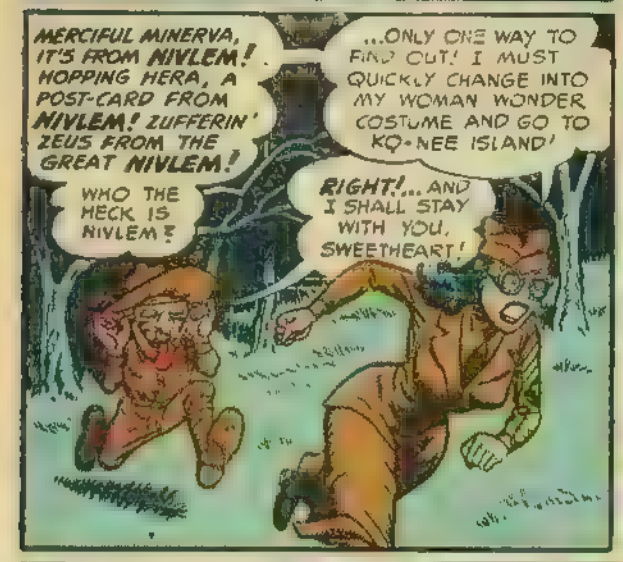
LLIB REDLE

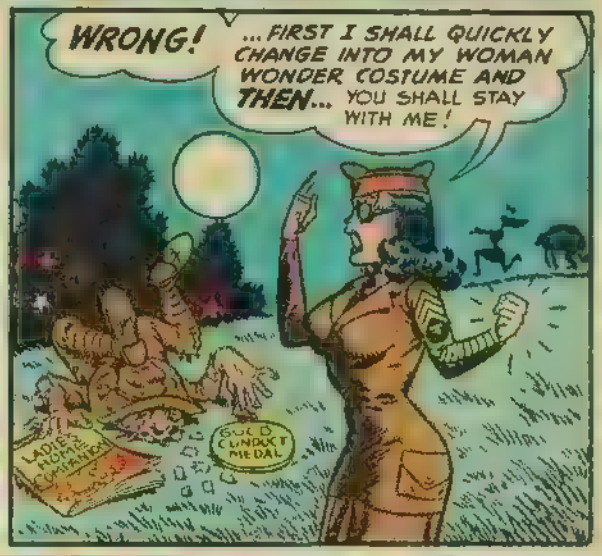
DIANA BANANA WHO IS IN REALITY THE WOMAN WONDER AND STEVE ADORE, BOTH U.S. ARMY OFFICERS SIT IN THE MOONLIGHT

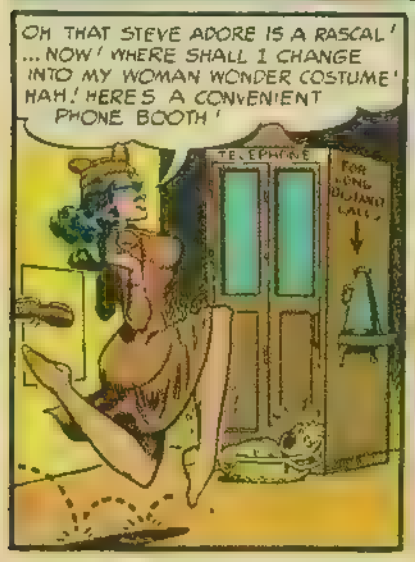



OWCH, DEAREST!... NOW YOU DID IT! YOU CRUSHED ME SO HARD IN YOUR STRONG MUSCULAR ARMS THAT SOMETHING BROKE!... HERE... IN THE SIDE OF MY CHEST... SOME-SOMETHING B-B-BROKE, SWEETHEART!
GIVE ME ANOTHER KISS!
BRIDAL PATH
LOVERS LANE
FRANKIE LANE
CITY PARK DUMP
BUSH 14
CRUNCH
T-RATIONS


...LOOK... MY PEANUT BRITTLE, HERE IN THE POCKET ON THE SIDE OF MY CHEST, BROKE!... WE'RE ALL OUT OF KISSES!... ONLY PEANUT BRITTLE I GOT IN MY POCKET!... OH WAIT! HERE'S A POST-CARD FOR YOU IN MY POCKET THAT I PICKED UP IN THE MAIL ROOM, SWEETHEART!
—To Diana Banana, alais the Woman Wonder— On the Island of Ko-Nee, a monstrous plot is hatching. Come at once and scramble this hard-boiled plot! signed: Nivlem the Great. (spelled backwards) ie Melvin

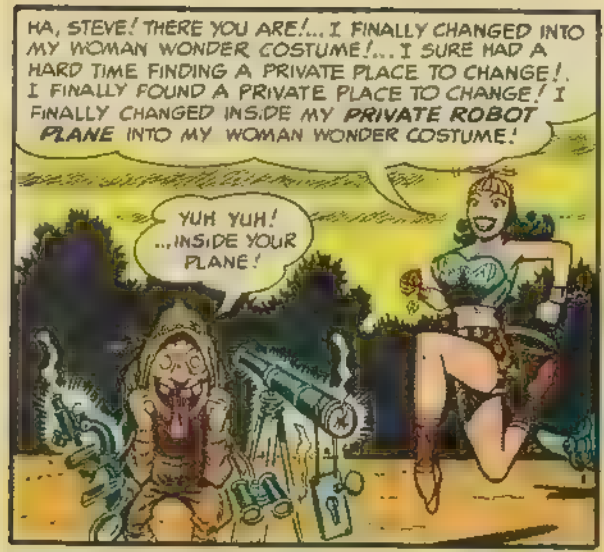

MERCIFUL MINERVA, IT'S FROM NIVLEM! HOPPING HERA, A POST-CARD FROM NIVLEM! ZUFFERIN' ZEUS FROM THE GREAT NIVLEM!
WHO THE HECK IS NIVLEM?
...ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! I MUST QUICKLY CHANGE INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME AND GO TO KO-NEE ISLAND!
RIGHT!... AND I SHALL STAY WITH YOU, SWEETHEART!

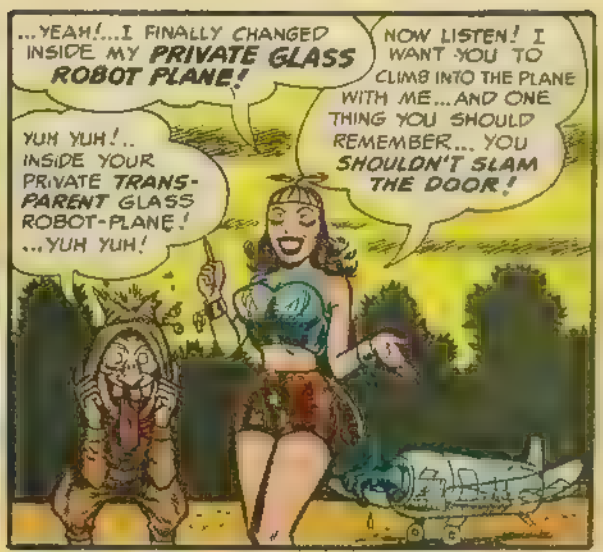

WRONG!
...FIRST I SHALL QUICKLY CHANGE INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME AND THEN... YOU SHALL STAY WITH ME!
GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL

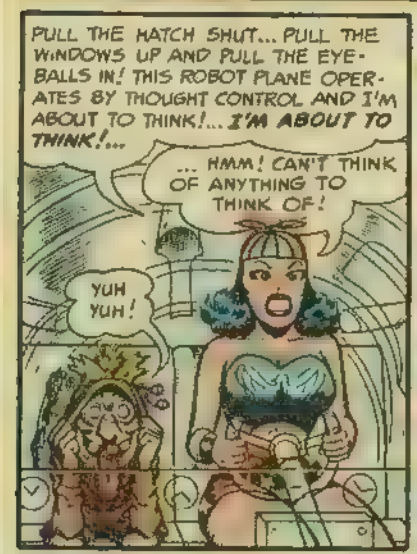

OH THAT STEVE ADORE IS A RASCAL! ...NOW! WHERE SHALL I CHANGE INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME! HAH! HERE'S A CONVENIENT PHONE BOOTH!
TELEPHONE
FOR LONG DISTANCE CALLS

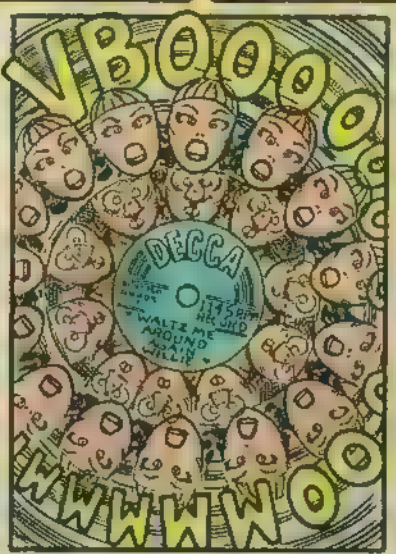
HEY!
TPH

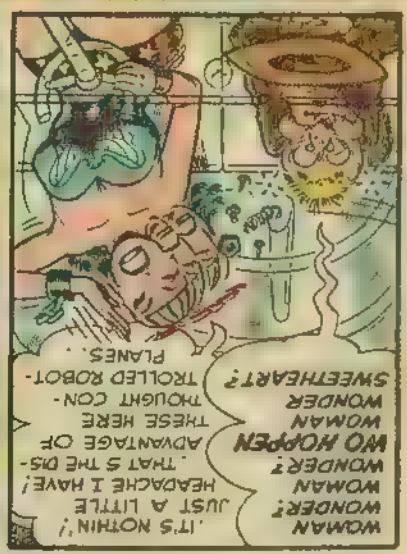
CAN'T A PERSON CHANGE INTO COSTUME IN A CONVENIENT PHONE BOOTH WITHOUT BEING INTERRUPTED?
OOPS! SUPERDUPER-MAN'S IN THAT PHONE BOOTH. I BETTER FIND ANOTHER!

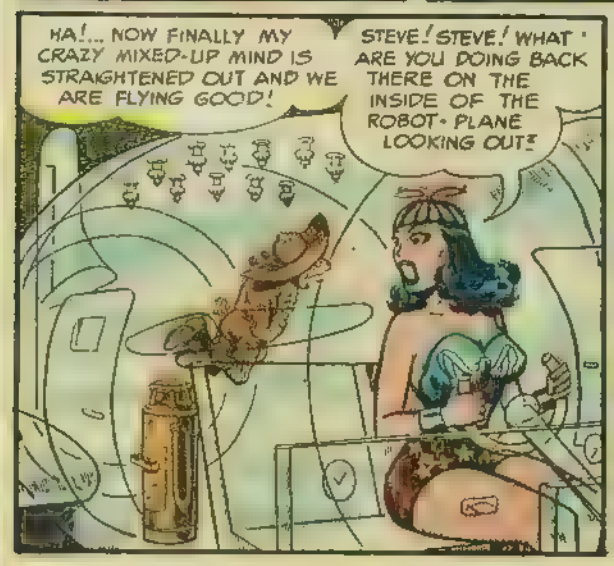

HA, STEVE! THERE YOU ARE!... I FINALLY CHANGED INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME!... I SURE HAD A HARD TIME FINDING A PRIVATE PLACE TO CHANGE!. I FINALLY FOUND A PRIVATE PLACE TO CHANGE! I FINALLY CHANGED INSIDE MY PRIVATE ROBOT PLANE INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME!
YUH YUH! ...INSIDE YOUR PLANE!

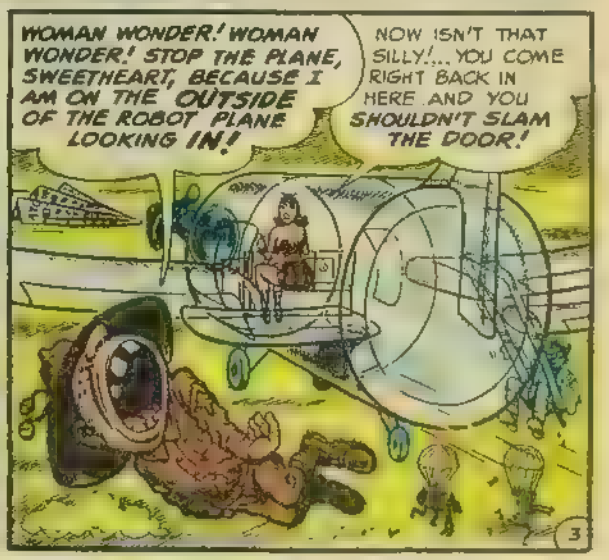

...YEAH!...I FINALLY CHANGED INSIDE MY PRIVATE GLASS ROBOT PLANE!
NOW LISTEN! I WANT YOU TO CLIMB INTO THE PLANE WITH ME...AND ONE THING YOU SHOULD REMEMBER... YOU SHOULDN'T SLAM THE DOOR!
YUH YUH!.. INSIDE YOUR PRIVATE TRANS-PARENT GLASS ROBOT-PLANE! ...YUH YUH!

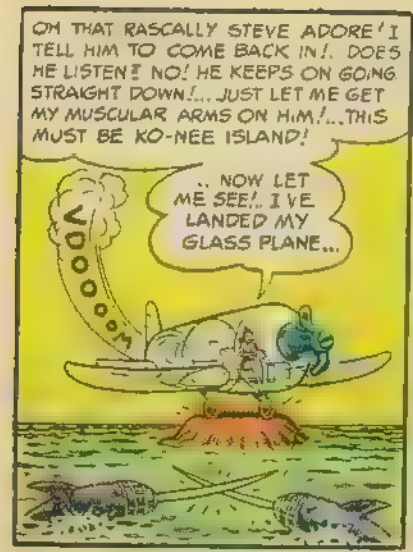

PULL THE HATCH SHUT... PULL THE WINDOWS UP AND PULL THE EYE-BALLS IN! THIS ROBOT PLANE OPERATES BY THOUGHT CONTROL AND I'M ABOUT TO THINK!... I'M ABOUT TO THINK!...
... HMM! CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO THINK OF!
YUH YUH!

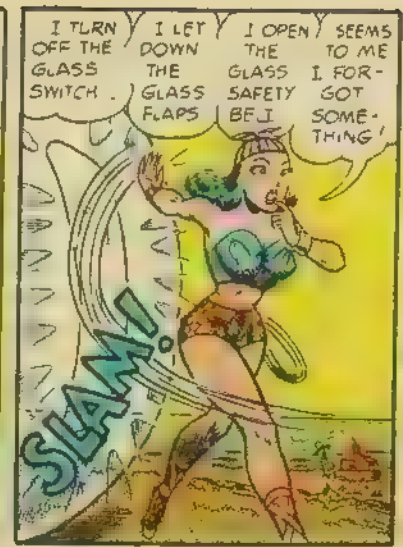

VBOOOO
DECCA
WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN
WWWWWOOO

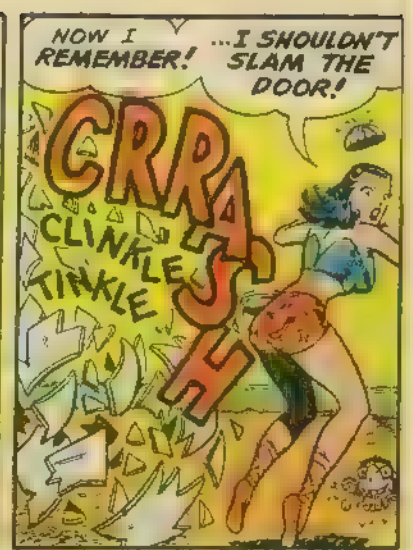

WOMAN WONDER! WOMAN WONDER! WO HOPPEN WOMAN WONDER SWEETHEART?
IT'S NOTHIN'! JUST A LITTLE HEADACHE I HAVE! THAT'S THE DISADVANTAGE OF THESE HERE THOUGHT CONTROLLED ROBOT-PLANES..

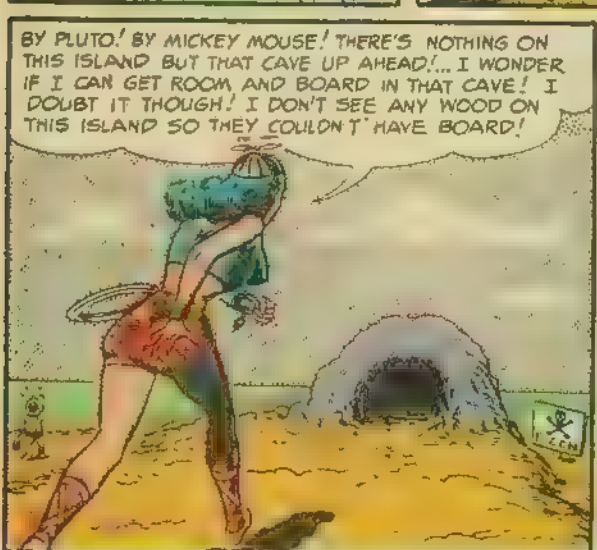

HA!... NOW FINALLY MY CRAZY MIXED-UP MIND IS STRAIGHTENED OUT AND WE ARE FLYING GOOD!
STEVE! STEVE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK THERE ON THE INSIDE OF THE ROBOT-PLANE LOOKING OUT?

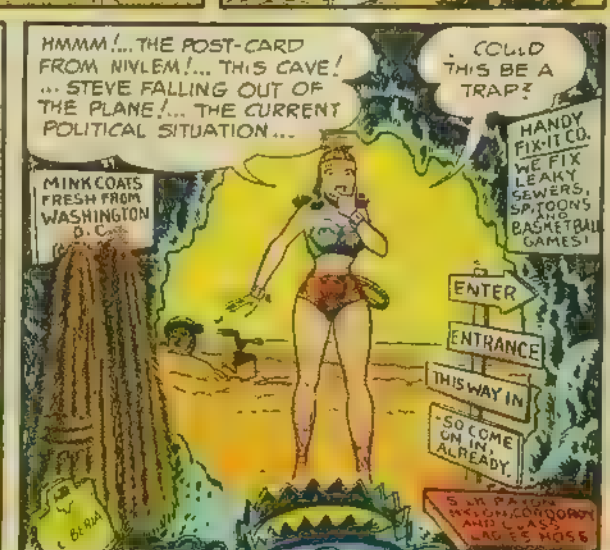

WOMAN WONDER! WOMAN WONDER! STOP THE PLANE, SWEETHEART, BECAUSE I AM ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE ROBOT PLANE LOOKING IN!
NOW ISN'T THAT SILLY!... YOU COME RIGHT BACK IN HERE AND YOU SHOULDN'T SLAM THE DOOR!

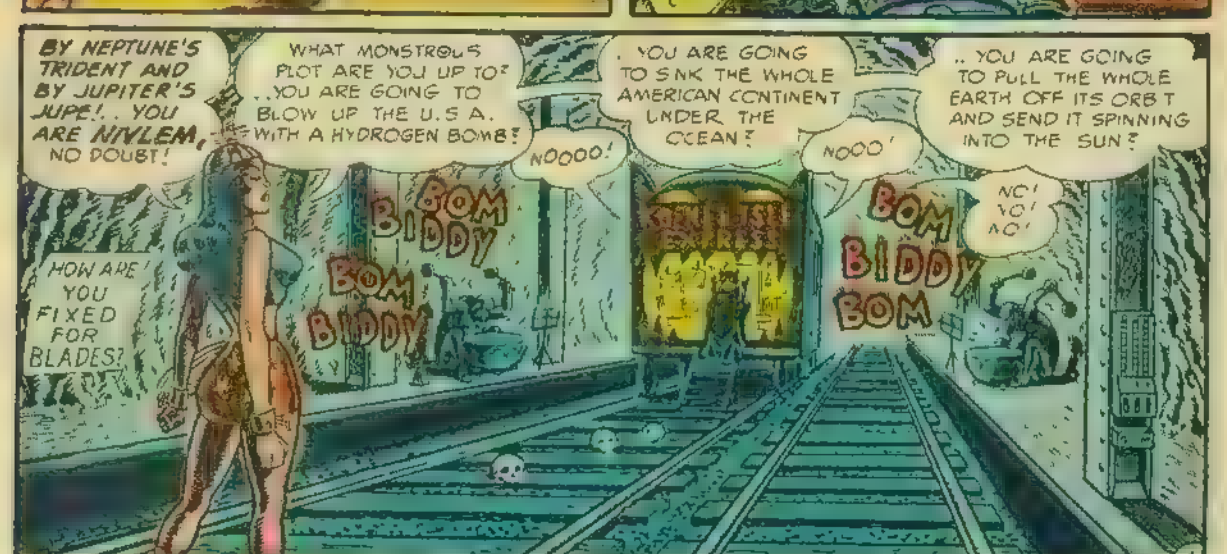

OH THAT RASCALLY STEVE ADORE! I TELL HIM TO COME BACK IN!. DOES HE LISTEN? NO! HE KEEPS ON GOING STRAIGHT DOWN!... JUST LET ME GET MY MUSCULAR ARMS ON HIM!...THIS MUST BE KO-NEE ISLAND!
.. NOW LET ME SEE!.. I'VE LANDED MY GLASS PLANE...
WOOOOOM

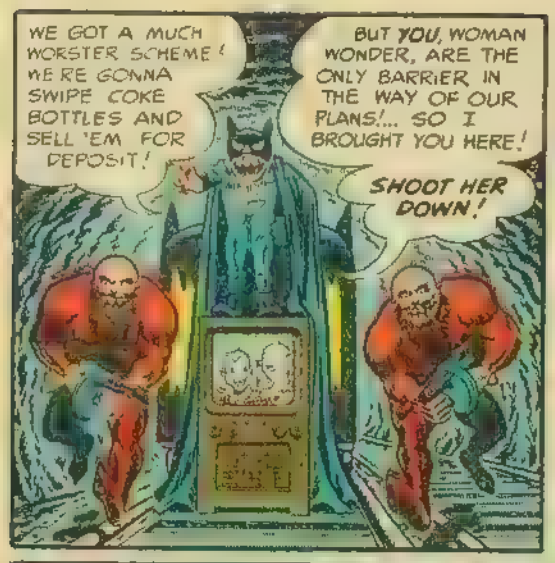

I TURN OFF THE GLASS SWITCH.
I LET DOWN THE GLASS FLAPS
I OPEN THE GLASS SAFETY BELT
SEEMS TO ME I FORGOT SOMETHING!
SLAM!

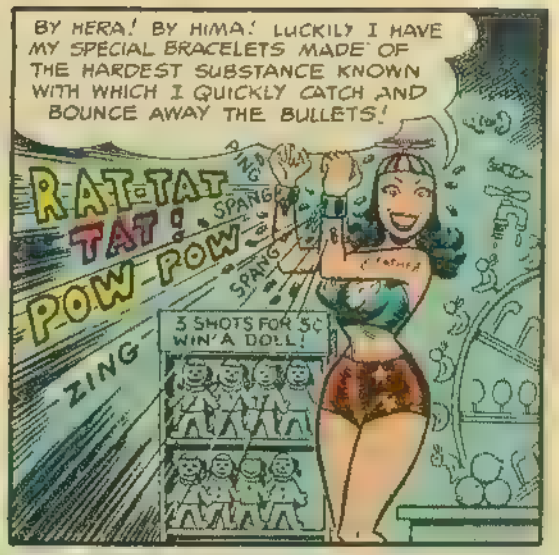

NOW I REMEMBER!
...I SHOULDN'T SLAM THE DOOR!
CRRA
SH
CLINKLE
TINKLE


BY PLUTO! BY MICKEY MOUSE! THERE'S NOTHING ON THIS ISLAND BUT THAT CAVE UP AHEAD!... I WONDER IF I CAN GET ROOM AND BOARD IN THAT CAVE! I DOUBT IT THOUGH! I DON'T SEE ANY WOOD ON THIS ISLAND SO THEY COULDN'T HAVE BOARD!

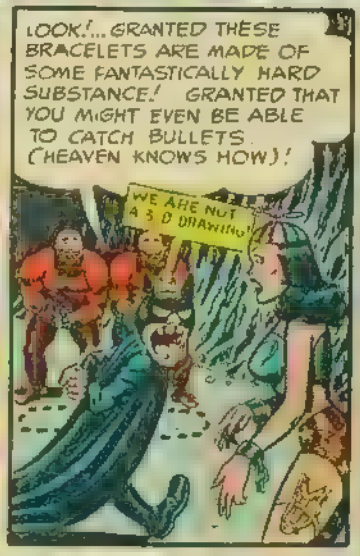

HMMM!... THE POST-CARD FROM NIVLEM!... THIS CAVE! ... STEVE FALLING OUT OF THE PLANE!... THE CURRENT POLITICAL SITUATION...
COULD THIS BE A TRAP?
HANDY FIX-IT CO. WE FIX LEAKY SEWERS, SPITOONS AND BASKETBALL GAMES!
MINK COATS FRESH FROM WASHINGTON D.C.
ENTER
ENTRANCE
THIS WAY IN
SO COME ON IN, ALREADY.

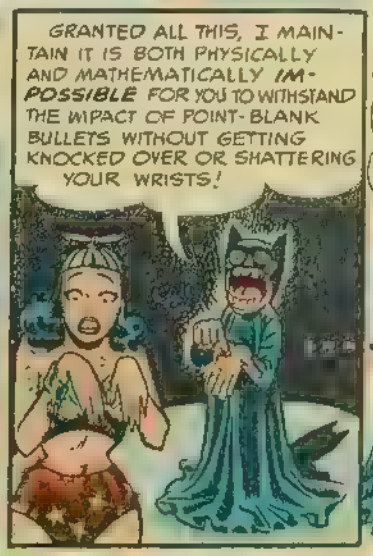

BY NEPTUNE'S TRIDENT AND BY JUPITER'S JUPE!.. YOU ARE NIVLEM, NO DOUBT!
WHAT MONSTROUS PLOT ARE YOU UP TO? ..YOU ARE GOING TO BLOW UP THE U.S.A. WITH A HYDROGEN BOMB?
NOOOO!
. YOU ARE GOING TO SINK THE WHOLE AMERICAN CONTINENT UNDER THE OCEAN?
NOOO!
.. YOU ARE GOING TO PULL THE WHOLE EARTH OFF ITS ORBIT AND SEND IT SPINNING INTO THE SUN?
NO! NO! NO!
HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR BLADES?
BOM BIDDY BOM BIDDY
BOM BIDDY BOM

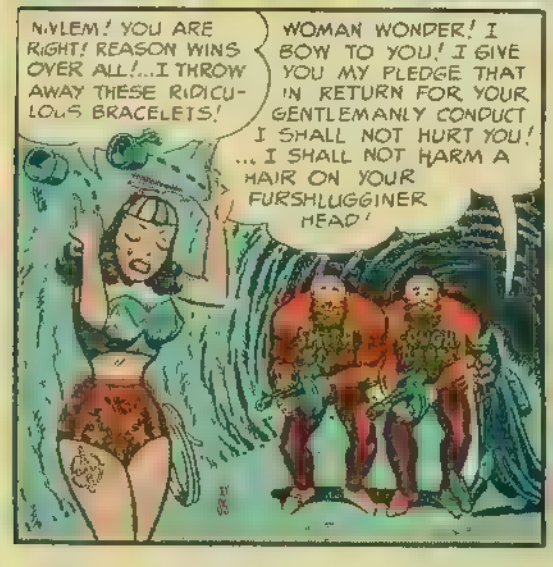

WE GOT A MUCH WORSTER SCHEME! WE'RE GONNA SWIPE COKE BOTTLES AND SELL 'EM FOR DEPOSIT!
BUT YOU, WOMAN WONDER, ARE THE ONLY BARRIER IN THE WAY OF OUR PLANS!... SO I BROUGHT YOU HERE!
SHOOT HER DOWN!

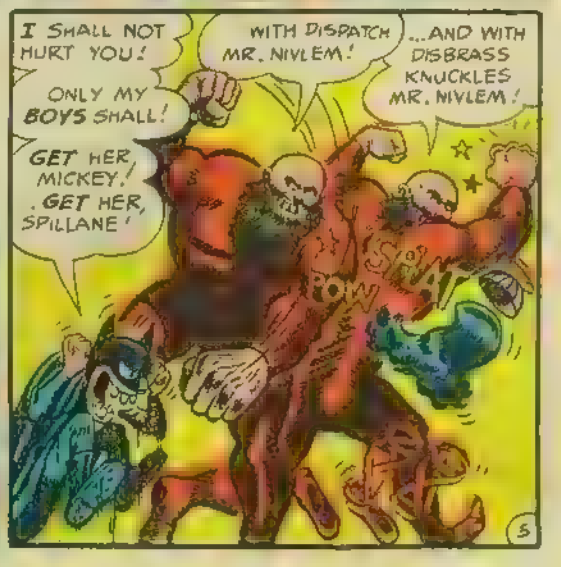

BY HERA! BY HIMA! LUCKILY I HAVE MY SPECIAL BRACELETS MADE OF THE HARDEST SUBSTANCE KNOWN WITH WHICH I QUICKLY CATCH AND BOUNCE AWAY THE BULLETS!
RAT-TAT TAT!
POW-POW
SPANG
SPANG
ZING
3 SHOTS FOR 5¢ WIN A DOLL!

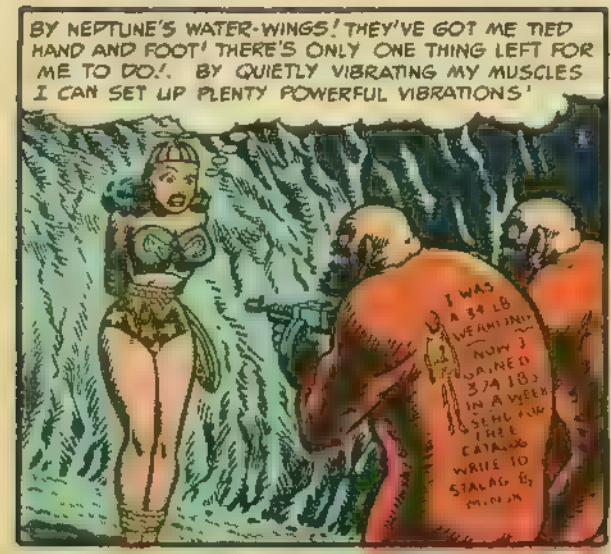
WAIT A MINUTE! WAIT A MINUTE! ISN'T THIS STORY GETTING KIND OF RIDICULOUS?
MISS TOMATO PIE

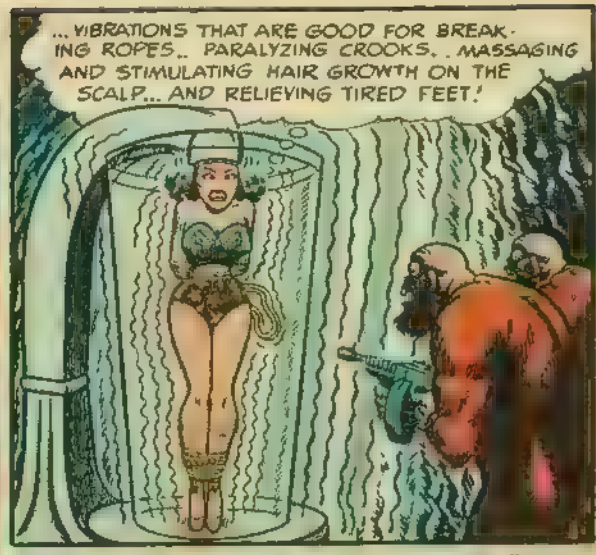

LOOK!... GRANTED THESE BRACELETS ARE MADE OF SOME FANTASTICALLY HARD SUBSTANCE! GRANTED THAT YOU MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO CATCH BULLETS (HEAVEN KNOWS HOW)!
WE ARE NOT A 3-D DRAWING!

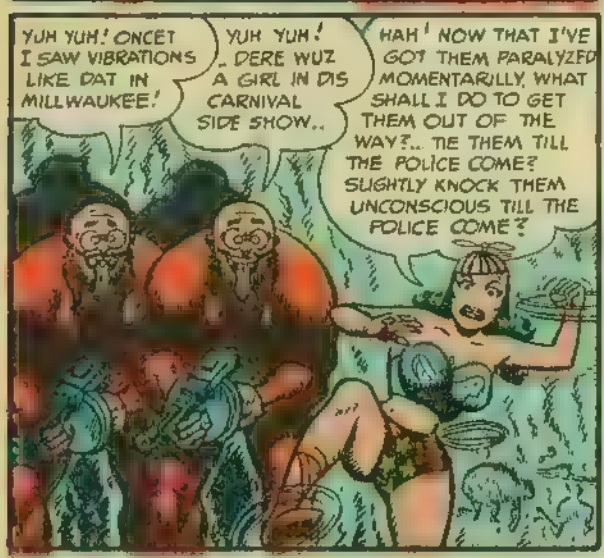

GRANTED ALL THIS, I MAINTAIN IT IS BOTH PHYSICALLY AND MATHEMATICALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO WITHSTAND THE IMPACT OF POINT-BLANK BULLETS WITHOUT GETTING KNOCKED OVER OR SHATTERING YOUR WRISTS!
. AND I QUIT THIS STORY UNTIL IT MAKES MORE SENSE!

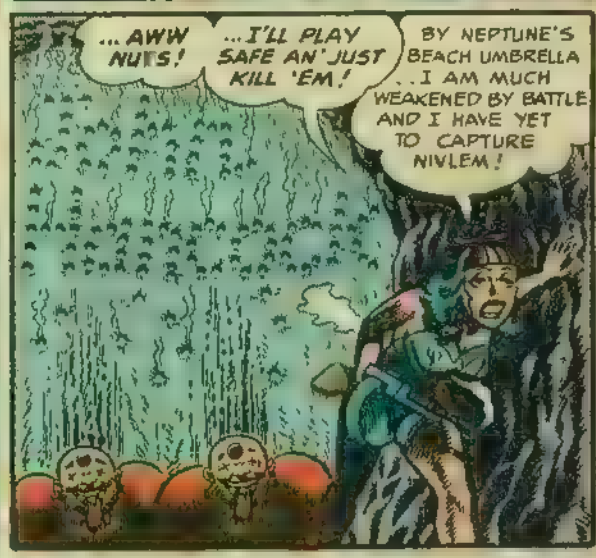

NIVLEM! YOU ARE RIGHT! REASON WINS OVER ALL!...I THROW AWAY THESE RIDICULOUS BRACELETS!
WOMAN WONDER! I BOW TO YOU! I GIVE YOU MY PLEDGE THAT IN RETURN FOR YOUR GENTLEMANLY CONDUCT I SHALL NOT HURT YOU! ... I SHALL NOT HARM A HAIR ON YOUR FURSHLUGGINER HEAD!


I SHALL NOT HURT YOU!
ONLY MY BOYS SHALL!
GET HER, MICKEY! . GET HER, SPILLANE!
WITH DISPATCH MR. NIVLEM!
...AND WITH DISBRASS KNUCKLES MR. NIVLEM!
SPLAT
POW


BY NEPTUNE'S WATER-WINGS! THEY'VE GOT ME TIED HAND AND FOOT! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT FOR ME TO DO!. BY QUIETLY VIBRATING MY MUSCLES I CAN SET UP PLENTY POWERFUL VIBRATIONS!


...VIBRATIONS THAT ARE GOOD FOR BREAKING ROPES.. PARALYZING CROOKS.. MASSAGING AND STIMULATING HAIR GROWTH ON THE SCALP... AND RELIEVING TIRED FEET!

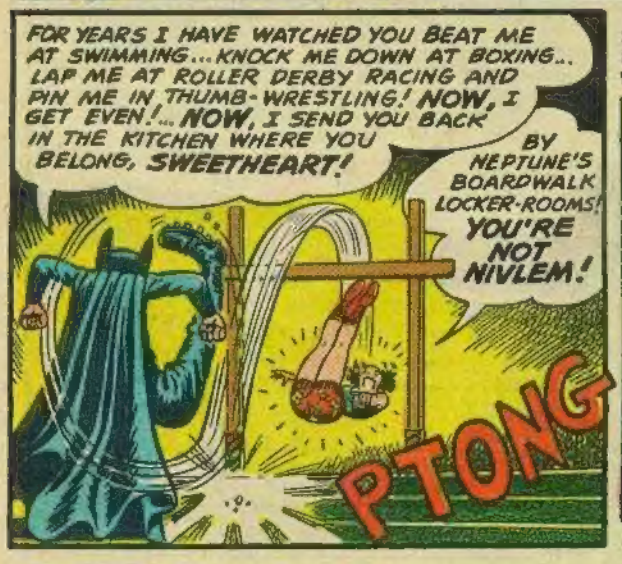

YUH YUH! ONCET I SAW VIBRATIONS LIKE DAT IN MILLWAUKEE!
YUH YUH! .. DERE WUZ A GIRL IN DIS CARNIVAL SIDE SHOW..
HAH! NOW THAT I'VE GOT THEM PARALYZED MOMENTARILY, WHAT SHALL I DO TO GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY?.. TIE THEM TILL THE POLICE COME? SLIGHTLY KNOCK THEM UNCONSCIOUS TILL THE POLICE COME?


...AWW NUTS!
...I'LL PLAY SAFE AN' JUST KILL 'EM!
BY NEPTUNE'S BEACH UMBRELLA .. I AM MUCH WEAKENED BY BATTLE AND I HAVE YET TO CAPTURE NIVLEM!

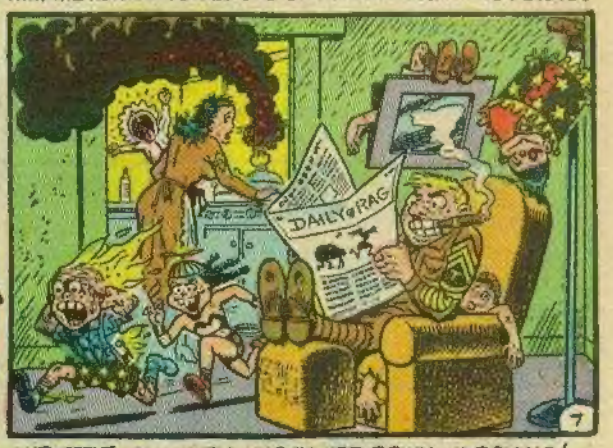
BUT BY NEPTUNES SUN-TAN LOTION, I STILL HAVE MY LASSOO LEFT...MY POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINIUM LASSOO THAT MAKES ANYBODY WHO IS LASSOOED, PARALYZED.. PROVIDED I ALSO DO VIBRATIONS WHILE LASSOING!

HAHAHA! YOU POOR FOOL! IT IS USELESS TO TRY AND STRUGGLE TO BREAK THROUGH MY POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINIUM LASSOO! NOTHING CAN BREAK THROUGH MY LASSOO UNLESS I SO WILL IT!
I GOT NEWS FOR YOU KID!
KILROY WASN'T HERE YET!

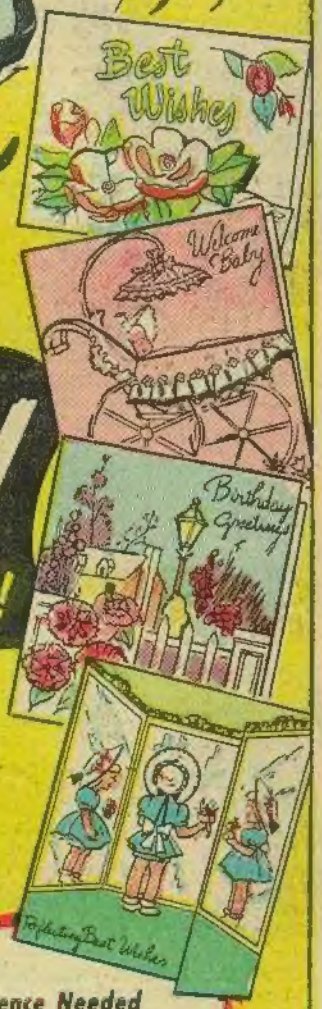
WOMAN WONDER! I STOLE YOUR POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINIUM LASSOO A LONG TIME AGO AND HOCKED IT FOR PLENTY CASH TO BUY THIS CAVE SET-UP! THIS LASSOO IS A SICKLY REALISTIC PLASTIC LASSOO I SUBSTITUTED!



STEVE ADORE, WHO IS IN REALITY, NIVLEM... AND DIANA BANANA... ARE NOW MARRIED! DIANA BANANA IS NOW CONTENT WITH THE NORMAL FEMALE LIFE OF WORKING OVER A HOT STOVE!



AND STEVE CAN EVEN KNOCK HER DOWN IN BOXING!



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"Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.

"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

"Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.

"By graduation, had paid for course, car, testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. Streitenberger, New Boston, Ohio.

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Start Soon to Make $10, $15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester built with parts I send helps you make $10, $15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

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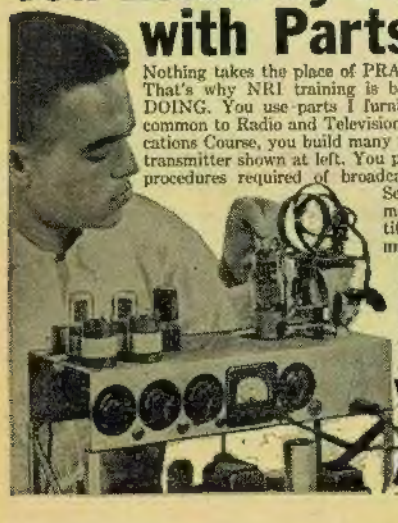
You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send



Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multitester you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make $10, $15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

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Act now to get more of the good things of life. Actual lesson proves my training is practical, thorough. 64-page book shows good job opportunities for you in many fields. Take NRI training for as little as $5 a month. Many graduates make more than total cost of training in two weeks. Mail coupon now. J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 4E01 Washington 9, D. C. OUR 40TH YEAR.

Good for Both—FREE

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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
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